













UNIV. OF  
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*Mrs. Colonel Smith*

*Engraved from the original Picture in the possession of the Editor*

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Smith, Mrs. Abigail  
" (Adams)

# JOURNAL

AND

## CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MISS ADAMS,

DAUGHTER OF JOHN ADAMS,

SECOND

President of the United States.

WRITTEN IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND, IN 1785.

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EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER.

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NEW-YORK & LONDON:

WILEY AND PUTNAM.

1841.

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TO THE  
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111 Fulton-street.

TO  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Around their memory, dear to us all,  
Doth cling remembrances  
Sacred ; all powerful,  
And lasting as the soul's immortality.

804110



## P R E F A C E .

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THE following Journal, from which these extracts are taken, was written at the same period with the letters of Mrs. Adams, (lately published,) by her only daughter, principally previous to her marriage.

A few letters are added, from Mr. and Mrs. Adams to their granddaughter.

The Editor being desirous to preserve the Journal and Letters for her children, still more so, that they should understand the extent and strength of that affection with which their mother was honoured by the writers, presents them with a copy in print.

“This is the prerogative of the noblest natures that their departure to higher regions exercises a no less blessed influence than did their abode on earth ; that they lighten us from above, like stars by which to steer our course, often interrupted by storms ; that those to whom we turned in life as the beneficent, the helpful, now attract our longing, aspiring glance, as the perfected, the blessed.”

For the sketch of the landscape, the Editor is indebted to Miss Quincy of Cambridge, Mass.

C. A. de W.

*Cedar Grove, N. Y., July, 1841.*

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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ABIGAIL ADAMS, the oldest child and only surviving daughter of John Adams, was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, 14th July, 1765; she was carried to church in a chaise, and baptized the day she was born, according to the custom of those times.

In the early part of her life she shared the domestic duties and cheered the retirement of her mother, during the years of absence which the public cares of her father enforced upon him. He expressed to the editor, at the age of 90, while recalling and reflecting upon the events of the past, in these words, his painful recollection of the separations he had been called upon to endure: "At this time it seems to me to have been wicked to have left such a wife and such a family as I did, but it was done in the service of my country."

The daughter was cherished and beloved by an intimate circle of youthful friends. Among them an early use of the pen, and the pleasures of epistolary intercourse were cultivated; the young persons being in the habit of preparing their letters during the week, taking them to church on Sunday, and exchanging them. Two of the most intimate and valued friends of Miss Adams were the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, afterwards married to Mr. Wainwright, and Miss Elizabeth Quincy, afterwards Mrs. Guild. These attachments continued uninterrupted, and were a source of much happiness throughout their lives.

At the age of eighteen Miss Adams accompanied her mother to Europe — she had changed, in the years that had passed, since her father had left her in America. In the journal of this date she writes thus: “London, Aug. 7th, 1784. At 12, returned to our own apartments; when I entered, I saw upon the table a hat with two books in it; every thing around appeared altered, without my knowing in what particular. I went into my own room, the things were moved; I looked around — ‘Has mamma received letters, that have determined her departure? — When does she go? — Why are these things moved?’ All in a breath to Esther. ‘No, ma’m, she has received no letter, but goes to-morrow morning.’ ‘Why is all this appearance of strangeness? — Whose hat is that in the other room? — Whose trunk is this? — Whose sword and cane? — It is my father’s,’ said I. ‘Where is he?’ ‘In the room above.’ Up I flew, and to his chamber, where he was lying down, he raised himself upon my knocking softly at the door, and received me with all the tenderness of an affectionate parent after so long an absence. Sure I am, I never felt more agitation of spirits in my life; it will not do to describe.”

The next day commenced the journey to Paris, with which the journal in the present volume opens.

At a later period, Aug. 1785, the journal states — “Friday, 26th. Papa having invited Count Sarsefield to dine with him to-day, we were obliged to refuse an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Smith, at Clapham; the Count came, and was as usual in spirits, and good company. Mr. Bartlemmy, the French Charge d’ Affaires was invited, and came; he seemed to be well enough in mind, manners, and appearance, civil, not gallant, sociable, not talkative, modest, not forward; he is passing well. Two other gentlemen dined with us; they were young men; and nothing passed in four hours to be related here.”

“Saturday 27th. A fine morning. Eugenio came to breakfast. Mamma desired me to be dressed; she was going out to make some visits; I obeyed. I seldom resist commands, however my will may be for it. We went out at 12; the coachman was ordered to go to Hackney; we were to visit Mrs. J——. No, it is not pride — it is not vanity — ’tis no unworthy principle which would prevent me, had I a will to follow, from making such visits, but I would make no acquaintance for which I had not some good reason; I do not love that kind of intercourse where no one affection of the heart has any share; I would treat every one with civility — lay myself under as few obligations as possible, to those whom I could rank as friends — I would always act from the heart; every attention to such I should esteem myself gratified in paying; but the unmeaning intercourse of a great portion of mankind, I must acknowledge, I have but little taste for; perhaps I am wrong — it is only an opinion — it may be founded upon wrong principles; I am open to conviction; and whenever my sentiments change, I shall not be adverse to acknowledge it. When we came into town, we left cards at the Baroness ——, to return a visit made us in the same way, and called upon my Lady Effingham, but she was not at home; returned home, dined alone; read Shakspeare after dinner. Papa purchased his works this morning, upon my saying I had never read them. I discover a thousand traits of softness, delicacy, and sensibility in this excellent man’s character. I was once taught to fear his virtues; happy am I that I find them rather to love, grown up into life unknown to him, and ignorant of him. I had been taught to think him severe, and as he would demand my obedience, I found him far otherwise; he never demanded of me even an acquiescence to his wishes, but left me to follow my own, in the most important concerns of life. How amiable — how respectable — how worthy of every token of my atten-

tion, has this conduct rendered a parent—a father—to whom we feel due even a resignation of our opinions! How many are there who usurp the power Nature has given them a right to use, and who act rather as tyrants over their families than as parents of their children; how much is the want of this gentleness, delicacy, and sensibility observed in that sex, whose worth and amiability of character depends upon the possession of it. How many ladies, within my knowledge, who do not possess one iota of either; but, adieu to the subject.”

“To-day, agreeably to invitation, we went to dine with Dr. Jebb; our company was not large, and no ladies but mamma and myself. Had I never seen Mrs. Jebb, I believe I should have said upon entering the door, the lady of this house is a *politicianess*, or something else—there was an air through the whole that I thought discovered it. The company were all there when we went. Dr. Brokelsly, a moderate Englishman, is said to be a sensible man, great in his profession, and learned. A Mr. Ashley, a violent, prejudiced Englishman, no enemy to America I should suppose, but entirely ignorant of the arrangements there during the late war, as indeed every person here seems to be; whether it has been the policy of people in power to preserve this ignorance I do not know, but they all attribute the want of success to their generals. If Sir William Howe had done so and so, you would never have gained your independence. I never pretend to understand politics, but I cannot but smile to hear these people talk; it appears to me they judge without foundation, and give their opinions through ignorance. This gentleman was also a most violent enemy to the French; he could bear to see America rising, but he could not submit to see that nation at peace; he was sometimes so violent that I did not know where it would end. Papa endeavoured to be silent, but sometimes he would get warmed, and who

could avoid it, to hear so much ignorance and error asserted as truth?"

1785. "The thread has broke, and I have to begin again ; it is in vain attempting to join it where I last left it, for I find it impossible. Some events have taken place respecting myself, in which, perhaps, my future happiness may be interested ; I have one consolation, the perfect rectitude of my intentions. To that Being, under whose guidance I would fain believe all our actions to be, I must submit, and leave the events ; Heaven grant they may prove propitious to my happiness and peace."

At this period Miss Adams married Colonel Smith, who was the Secretary to the American Legation, at London. Here we must refer again to the journal. "June, 1787. The afternoon being very fine, mamma and myself rode to Kensington Gardens, and took a long walk ; it was more like an American day than any I recollect in this country ; the presence of my friend was only wanting to have rendered it perfectly pleasing ; his society has enlivened every scene for the last twelve months ; cheerfulness and good humour he has ever promoted, and it is always accompanied with strict propriety, delicacy, and purity of actions and manners ; it is, in short, all that my fondest wishes could paint, as lovely and engaging ; the more I reflect upon it the more I am satisfied, and the more I am induced to regret this temporary separation, which is the first, and from my heart I hope it may be the last I shall ever have to regret."

After returning and residing a few years in America, they revisited Europe ; upon their return, passed some years in the city of New-York.

Mrs. Smith died at Quincy, 14th August, 1813, at the age of 43. She expressed her gratitude that she had been permitted to close her days in the mansion of her father, surrounded by her venerable parents, her husband, children, and dearest relatives.

"She possessed a mind firm, cultivated, and delicate ; a temper gentle and sweet ; a spirit composed in difficulty, patient in suffering, humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity ; a demeanour chastened and regulated by clear perceptions of duty and a high sense of propriety. As a child, exemplary for filial reverence ; as a wife, for conjugal tenderness ; as a mother, for parental affection. Forgetful of herself, and studious of the happiness of others, it was the effort of her being to please and to support, to comfort and to bless. Her death, in unison with such a life, was full of resignation and hope."\*

Among various consolatory letters addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Adams upon the death of their daughter, the following extract comprises all that need be said.

"If such are my feelings for a child cut off before the day-star of intelligence could have arisen to announce the dawn of reason in her soul, what must be those of a mother for one, in whom the mind was at its highest noon, clear as the day, and unsullied as the light of heaven ?"

"Her days were short, and checkered o'er  
With joy and sorrow's mingled store,  
And fortune's treacherous game —  
But never since Creation's hour,  
Sent forth from Heaven's almighty power,  
A purer spirit came !"†

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\* From an obituary notice by President Quincy.

† Extract from a letter of Mr. J. Q. Adams.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.



## INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

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The Hague, 17 July, 1784.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

WITH the tenderest emotions of a father's heart, I congratulate you on your agreeable voyage, and happy arrival; and hope that your journeys in Europe, and your returning voyage to your own country, will be equally prosperous.

At your age, travels are pleasing and instructive. But that you may be able to derive the full benefit from them, let me recommend to you to keep a journal.

I have never had influence enough with your brother to prevail upon him to attend to this exercise, as pleasant as it is useful. But the punishment of this negligence is certain; if he lives sixty years, he will spend them all in continual repentance, and self-reproaches. A regular journal of his travels would be very valuable.

I cannot reproach myself, because my eyes have made it impracticable. With the utmost difficulty have I performed the writing, which my public duty required of me; and I may add, that my head and heart have been so occupied with necessary business, that objects of curiosity, and even the fine arts, had few attractions for me.

Your case and that of your brother are very different. In travelling with me, through the Dutch and Austrian Low Countries to France, you will have a great opportunity.

In London you see one of those enormous masses of human nature, which exhibit to view its utmost extremes of grandeur and littleness, of virtues and vices, of wisdom and folly. In Paris you will see another; and all along between them, are countries and cities which will deserve your attention.

I need not say to you, that the end of travel, as well as study, is not the simple gratification of curiosity, or to enable one to shine in conversation, but to make us wiser and better.

The British Museum, Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, Wedgwood's Manufactory of Earthen Ware, Parker's Manufactory of Glass, I saw with great pleasure. You cannot see Mrs. Siddons, as she is absent. Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Church you should see.

But I presume you will not be long in England after your brother's arrival.

Hasten, my dear girl, as much as you can with prudence, to your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

Miss A. ADAMS,

*London.*



## JOURNAL.

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London, Adelphi Hotel, 1784.

WE are impatiently awaiting the arrival of letters to determine our course, whether to France or the Hague.

August 8th. After two hour's preparation, papa, mamma, myself and brother, in our own carriage, H. and B. our two servants, sat out from the Adelphi Hotel, so wretchedly equipped with horses, that they could carry us no farther than Westminster bridge; here they refused to go, and the resolution of the post-boys was exerted to no purpose; they were obliged to obtain others: at Deal we made our last change of horses, turned into the road to Dover where we arrived at 2 o'clock. The road from Canterbury to Dover is very mountainous and the poorest I have seen in the country; the appearance of cultivation is much the same as in other spots; there is a richness and elegance in the landscape that is very

beautiful. At 3 we went on board the boat for Deal; we landed at 6 the next morning — we had some servants from every public house, or every master with offers of accommodation. We came to Monsieur Destaing's Hotel, the very place made famous by Yorick; in this yard he wrote his preface to his journey, and perhaps in one of these disobligeants, he met Madame De —, and here is the very Monk, that gave his benediction to our writer, and who has just passed my window to present himself to papa. I do not think he is quite so respectable a figure, as the one that accosted Yorick. At 12 we dined; we had a variety, but not in a style so agreeable to me as the English. At two, we set off from Monsieur Destaing's Hotel, on a journey of two hundred miles. The laws of this country are such as oblige every person who travels in a coach, to make use of six horses. We were equipped with six horses for our carriage, and a cabriolet with three horses, for our two servants. The harness is not superior in any respect, to what we use in America for our carts and ploughs; however, it is such as every person travels with, and there is no better. I have not learnt the why and the wherefore, that we travel in this way, and exchange horses at every post, which is a distance of six miles, or sometimes a post and a half, or two post at a time. On Tuesday we travelled four posts after dinner,

and lodged at Boulogne, a small village, the Inn kept by an English family. The house was not as much *Anglaise* as I could have wished. There is certainly a great difference in favour of England; the country is by no means equal to it; the soil does not appear so rich and luxuriant, or so well cultivated; the villages are the most wretched of all the habitations of man; it is not one time in ten that I have seen a glass window, nothing but wood. We dined in our carriage; mamma and myself were not out of it from six in the morning, until four in the afternoon.

The country is much varied; in some places you see a great appearance of cultivation and improvement, in others you have a fine prospect of the country around, and some very fine scenes of natural beauty; in others, it appears like a barren uncultivated spot. There is the appearance of more industry here than in England, by the flocks of men, women and children that are out in the fields at their labours; whole families, whole towns, I should suppose by their numbers, some reaping and gathering in the fruits of the year, while others were preparing the ground, sowing the seed for a future crop. The country bears to-day a more pleasing aspect than yesterday; the villages are by no means superior, such places I never saw before, or the like unto them. The streets are very narrow and dirty, the houses

low and heavy ; the outside seems to be of a kind of clay, and the roofs are covered with thatch ; it has a heavy appearance. The difference is not more striking in any other object, than in the countenances of the people. The English seem formed for some exertion in almost any way we should choose ; but these people do not appear sensible to any passions or affections whatever. The difference is striking in the postillions. The English have a sprightliness and alertness suitable to the employment ; but in these, there is a heaviness, dirtiness, and no elasticity. We passed through Montrieul ; this place is made famous to every one who has read Yorick's Journey. I regret that I have it not with me — I should read it with more pleasure now than ever before, as we are to pass through every place which he describes. Some of the villages are superior to others, but all are very miserable.

To-day we have been obliged to travel fourteen posts, eighty-seven miles, in order to arrive at a place where we could be accommodated with lodging ; it was 9 o'clock before we stopped for the night, which was at Amiens. The laws of this nation are so severe as to oblige every one who enters it to follow their customs in every thing, particularly in dress, or they render themselves ridiculous. For this reason, every kind of article which they manufacture themselves, is prohibited from enter-

ing the kingdom without paying a duty. To prevent this these are custom-house officers almost at every town, who demand a search of your baggage, although it consist only of your own private clothes. But it is very seldom that they will not be satisfied with half a crown, instead of being a farther trouble to you. Whether the duties of their office are performed by this means, I do not know ; but it is more agreeable to every one, than to submit to the inconvenience of the law. We have been stopped several times, but always found them ready to be bought.

At Chantilla, twenty-seven miles from Paris, we visited the seat of the Prince of Condé. First, to the kennel of dogs which the Prince keeps for hunting — there are two hundred or more. Could I have borne to look at them, it would not have been an agreeable sight ; but the effluvia was such as rendered it very disagreeable to be near the apartment.

We went next to see the stables, which were in the same building. This was a long range, where there were more than two hundred horses ; an hundred on each side, with their names over each manger. We walked through the stable from one door to the other ; one of the grooms came up to mamma and myself with a little stick in his hand, and presented to each one ; upon which papa gave him a crown. I should have

thought it very strange ; but at breakfast papa told us that he had been accosted in the same way from having his gloves on and no cane in his hand. It is a custom, I suppose, to request your remembrance — a point I find that no one in Europe is fearful of asking. I am told that the Prince sometimes sups with his horses, and passes two or three hours with his dogs ; rather an uncivilized taste I think.

We were shown next the theatre, in which he acts himself for the entertainment of his friends and family ; he has a daughter who plays likewise. As it belongs to him, and he has the power of regulating it, I do not think it amiss ; it is an elegant building ; I saw but little of the scenery, it did not appear to me equal to the English. He resides at this castle from November to January ; any strangers who are in town he invites to his plays. We saw the dressing-room of the Princess, his daughter, and some other apartments ; then we went to the armoury, which was like that in the tower, but so very inferior, it scarce deserves remark. Next, to the gardens—about 20 acres — there is a great variety here ; a canal full of fish, the water supplied by a river. Here were groves and arbours, walks and windings, woods and vales, banks and rivers ; fountains playing, and statues, flowers, and shrubs. Here was the car of Venus drawn by doves ; the statue of Cupid,

with a motto in French, representing the pursuit of love ineffectual. At the end of one of the gardens, was the Pavillion of Venus, a room eight feet square ; the furniture was of chintz, chairs, and settee, and curtains. The floors were like all the floors in this country. Excepting in the floors, there was an air of elegance in all the buildings, that I have not seen even here in Paris. There were four fountains in the room ; at the end, a door opened into a small gallery, which was over the canal. There were a number of paintings, but they were not in a style that pleased me. We next visited the English garden, as it is called ; this consists of islands and groves, grottoes and bowers ; but I could not see any material difference. In one part there was a representation of a cottage, and every thing in unison around. There was a mill with a plough, and every utensil for a farmer ; one apartment, in which there was every thing for a kitchen ; all perfectly neat. In another little apartment was a library. The next building, they told us, was the barn ; it had the appearance, on the outside, of a little dirty place, with old windows and little doors, with every appearance of rustic simplicity—when, to our surprise, we were shown into an elegant apartment, with pictures and paintings ; the furniture of pink silk, trimmed with a deep, rich silver fringe and tassels ; in the centre was a table with a set of

Sèvres China — white, with a gilt edge. We were shown, also, some buildings in the Chinese style. The whole was exceedingly beautiful ; but as we ever draw degrees of comparison between what we now see, and what we have seen, I could not but give the preference to Pope's garden at Twickenham, over every thing I have yet examined.

We have taken a house at Auteuil, near Paris, very large and very inconvenient—about fifty little apartments, so small, most of them, as to be inconvenient for lodging. There is a large room to receive company in, and a dining-room ; all the bed-rooms are above stairs. There is a spacious garden.

15th. This day, by invitation, we dined with Mr. Barclay, in a friendly way, without form or ceremony. Mr. Jefferson and daughter dined with us, and two gentlemen who were not to be known. The dinner was in the French style ; there is no such thing here as preserving our taste in any thing ; we must all sacrifice to custom and fashion. I will not believe it possible to do otherwise ; for my papa, with his firmness and resolution, is a perfect convert to the mode in every thing, at least of dress and appearance. Mrs. B. is a fine woman ; the more I see of her, the greater is my approbation of her. She has a firm hold of my heart, from her kindness and attention to my father, when he was sick of the fever last

fall ; I shall ever feel a grateful remembrance of her goodness.

16th. Papa's friends, the three abbés, came to pay their respects to us. They insisted upon it, that I should talk French with them ; and I am inclined to believe that I should learn more French from their great solicitude to converse, than in any other way.

21st August. This morning, mamma, myself, and my brother, went into Paris — on our way made a call on Madame Grand, to return a visit made us on Thursday. She was dressing, and not to be seen — the Abbé Arneau was with us — this is the first house I have seen in any degree of order or neatness, being elegant and neat at the same time. At five my brother and myself went to la Comédie du bois de Boulogne — we were too early and walked in the woods ; there were a great number of carriages. I imagined there would be much company at the Comédie, but found they were more disposed for walking than seeing the play.

The music was pretty good, the actors and actresses only tolerable. I am not fond of comedy in general ; I had rather be improved than amused, if the distinction can be made between comedy and tragedy. The dresses did not please me as much as those in England.

August 22, 1784. This day, fortnight, I left

London; this day, ten weeks, I left America. I had not thought to have found such weather in a climate I had heard such accounts of — we have had a continual storm, except yesterday, since Tuesday.

Mr. Jefferson, Col. Humphreys, and a Polish gentleman, lately from America, dined with us. Col. H. is appointed by Congress, Secretary of the Commercial Commission — he was an aid to General Washington. He seems about 30, his appearance is soldier-like. I have not seen enough of these people to form a judgment, or to make any remarks with justice.

24th. Went in the morning with my papa and mamma to pay our respects to Dr. Franklin; this man on whom the world have passed such high encomiums, and perhaps justly; he is now near 80 years old and looks in good health.

Wednesday, 25th. We all dined to-day with the three abbés; these are persons who exclude themselves by their vows from marrying. The youngest is about 60; he is quite a gay young man — at least he appears to advantage when the others are present. He endeavours to make us understand what he says, and in a proper manner, by speaking slow and distinctly; he has long been acquainted with papa, and visits us almost every day. We had a very elegant dinner; the apartments are very neat and handsome. It is not

the custom in this country to take tea in the afternoon ; we came away about five.

Saturday, Aug. 28th. To-day we have had company to dine, the three abbés, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Hartly, and Commodore Jones, of whom so much has been said in various ways ; he has received an honorary reward from the French King of the Star or Cross of St. Louis, for some service performed, or some piece of conduct highly revered, and is taken great notice of here.

Wednesday, 1st September. Dined at Dr. Franklin's by invitation ; a number of gentlemen, and Madame Helvetius, a French lady 60 years of age.

Odious indeed do our sex appear when divested of those ornaments, with which modesty and delicacy adorn them.

September 5th. To-day, by invitation, we dined with Mr. Grand and family ; after dinner it was proposed to go and see the Dauphin, whose palace was not far from this. The palace is within a garden, in which no person is permitted to walk any days but Sundays ; then it is open to every one ; it is a day devoted throughout the kingdom to the pleasures of every class. Among the higher class, it is appropriated to visiting and receiving company ; and among the lower class, it is devoted to any amusement they choose to follow. With the rest of the crowd we went to

see the Dauphin ; before the palace was a garden with an open fence all round it. His lordship was playing with an iron shovel ; there were four ladies attending him, one was a dutchess, and the others I know not what ; they were elegant women ; upon our approaching, he was set to walking and running, to give us an opportunity of seeing him ; he was a pretty, sprightly boy, and behaved with the same ease and freedom any child would. There were more than a thousand persons, and others continually passing, to see this representative of despotism.

September 19th. To-day we went to see the balloon ; it was to ascend from the garden of the Tuilleries ; we had tickets at a crown a person to go in. We left our carriage outside and went in ; the garden I had never been in before ; it is very large, and in general, elegant. There were eight or ten thousand persons present. This people are more attentive to their amusements than any thing else ; however, as we were upon the same errand, it is unjust to reflect upon others, whose curiosity was undoubtedly as well founded. We walked a little, took a view of the company, and approached the balloon ; it was made of taffetas and in the form of an egg, if both ends were large ; this is what contains the air ; below it is a gallery where are the adventurers and the ballast. At eleven it was moved from the place of its stand-

ing among the trees to an open situation, and the cords, which were held by some of the greatest men in the kingdom, were cut; it mounted in the air. It was some time in sight, as they had intended making some experiments upon their machine. At six in the evening it descended at Bevre, fifty leagues from Paris. At two o'clock the same day there was a storm of rain, with thunder and lightning, but they were not affected by it.

September 25th. This day we have had a company of twenty persons to dine with us, all Americans but four; those were Mr. Grand's family, Mr. and Mrs. B. were among the Americans; they are from P. and are travelling for pleasure. Mr. B. is possessed of a large fortune—both very young. Mrs. B. is only 20; she was married at 16; she is pretty, a good figure, but rather still. She has not been long enough in this country to have gained that ease of air and manner which is peculiar to the women here; and when it does not exceed the bounds of delicacy, is very pleasing. Mrs. B. has been in Europe two years. I admire her that she is not in the smallest degree tinctured by indelicacy. She has, from the little acquaintance I have had with her, genuine principles; she is very sprightly and very pleasing.

Monday, 27th. Went to the Italian opera,

and saw presented a little piece that has made a great noise ; it is a history of the whims and coquetry of two lovers — a good representation of the ridiculous.

Thursday, 30th. Went to Paris, and dined by invitation with Mr. Jefferson ; met Mr. and Mrs. B., Mrs. Barclay. Mr. J. is an agreeable man. Col. H. is I dont know what — a sensible man I believe — but his address is not very agreeable ; he is I believe a very worthy character. Mrs. B. has a most pleasing address, and a very happy turn of expression, with a good deal of politeness — she will not fail to please. Mr. B. is an agreeable man — he is delicately attentive, and his behaviour to Madame is very pleasing.

Monday, 4th October. Went to dine with Dr. Franklin, found Gov. Pownall and lady, Mr. J., Col. H., the two abbés, and some others. After dinner my brother and myself accepted of Mr. Jefferson's invitation, and went to the Concert at the Chateau of the Tuilleries, which was by order. Prince Henry, brother to the King of Prussia, was there.

Tuesday, 5th. Papa went to Versailles ; every Tuesday is called Ambassador's Day ; in general they all attend.

Wednesday, 6th. To-day papa dined with the Spanish Ambassador ; when he returned he gave us an account of his visit ; he is about 80 years

old, and has lately married a young lady of 16, his niece and heir to his fortune. Papa told me it was an affecting sight to see such a couple ; he seemed very much disgusted at the match, where such inequality of age existed ; he said Madame, the Countess, appeared absolutely melancholy ; he really pitied her.

Thursday, 7th October. Governor Pownall and lady, a Mr. Hobart, an English gentleman, dined with us to-day. I do not pretend to draw portraits. After dinner Mrs. Pownall very politely invited me to accompany her in visiting the house and garden of the Duke de Chartres ; she had tickets or permission from the Duke. I did so, and was not only pleased with my acquaintance with her, but exceedingly gratified with what I saw. The Duke has built, finished, and furnished the house in the English style. I can truly say, I never saw any thing so elegant ; it seems a winding labyrinth. We were first shown into the winter garden and grotto ; the latter is entirely artificial ; it was large ; but, it is dark — we could not see enough of it to enable me to describe it farther. The winter garden was under cover ; here, the servant told us the Duke generally dines in the winter ; it is large and appropriated to pleasure. From this room we went into a little room which was French, and surrounded with mirrors ; the furniture was yellow silk. Then we were shown into

a long gallery covered with transparent paintings, which when lighted must be beautiful ; here were a variety of rooms, all of which we saw with so much haste, that I do not remember their distinction ; they were all perfectly English and elegant. There were glasses so arranged that we saw through the whole. We were unfortunately so late that we could not see the gardens, and returned to Auteuil. Governor P. and lady returned to Paris, leaving me much gratified, and obliged by their politeness. There is great pleasure in seeing things perfectly agreeable to our taste.

8th. We received letters from our American friends.

9th. A great fast and a sober day amongst the people of this country. Our French servant has been to mass, which I am sure he has not before since he has lived with us. In the afternoon my brother and I took a walk in the garden of the Friars, which is a little distance from us, and an agreeable walk. This class of men are perhaps the most numerous of any in France, and they have in general, appropriated the best situations in the country to themselves. One seldom sees a high hill, and a good situation, but it is covered with a monastery or a convent.

12th. Papa and my brother dined with the Swedish Ambassador ; the dinner was very sumptuous and elegant ; it was served in plate, except

the last course, which was China, gilt knives, forks, and spoons ; every thing to correspond.

13th. Went in the afternoon to visit Madame Grand ; found the ladies at home, and passed a very agreeable hour ; met a young French lady who spoke English very well. It is the custom in this country never to introduce persons to each other. I found her very agreeable and should have been happy to have requested to commence an acquaintance, but that is not done by words. If you wish to be visited, you must make the first visit, and no one will be so unpolite as not to return it ; thus your acquaintance commences and grows. The oftener you visit, the sooner you will become acquainted ; and when you part, it is not the custom to ask the return of the visit. I was much pleased with mine to-day, and should have been pleased to have made it longer.

Came home and found Mr. Jefferson again. He is an agreeable man ; we should be obliged to him for taking the trouble to come out ; if he had not had business, I fancy he would not have come to-day.

Thursday, 14th Oct. 1784. — Mr. Jefferson sent us cards yesterday to admit us to see the ceremony of taking the veil, in the convent where his daughter is to receive her education. We rose at seven, dressed, and went into Paris, and breakfasted with Madame Barclay. At nine we

went to the Church, where we found a number of persons of our acquaintance. Upon this occasion we were admitted to the altar where the priest performs, which at other times is not allowed. It was separated from the place of the nuns and those of the convent, by iron grates. The place in which they were, was a large apartment, with seats around. The floor was covered with an elegant carpet — here were the nuns only. When we first went they were repeating their prayers; presently the curtains were drawn aside, the lady abbess and other nuns, with all the pensioners, came. The candles were lighted — each nun held a lighted candle in her hand; the two nuns who were to take the veil, came forward, attended by two English ladies who were pensioners; each held a large lighted torch in her hand — they were elegantly dressed, and in all the vanities of the world.

The two nuns were in fine, white woollen dresses, made like a parson's robes, loose and flowing; their veils were white; they appeared first with a different made robe on; it was rather a cloak very long; their hair all shaved off; a white cap and veil. They came and kneeled before the altar; there was much singing and chanting of prayers. It is impossible to describe the many different manners and forms, alternately kneeling and rising. The priest came to the altar and

made many signs that I did not understand. There were three who assisted ; one of them delivered a sermon in French. He began by expatiating upon the goodness of the king ; then on the excellence of every particular class of people, from the throne to the footstool. He told them this was a very good world to live in, and that it was very wrong to quit it. After dwelling a long time upon its excellence, he told them a false philosophy had got into the world, and every thing was becoming bad ; every one was guided by self-interest, and they had the happiest prospect in quitting it. At the same time, he represented to them the disagreeableness of their situation ; that they would be confined, and that very possibly their actions would be wrongly construed. If they should be gay, the nuns would say of them, that they had not yet quitted the world. If they were grave, they might say, that they were unhappy and repented of their vows. After this the nuns went round and took leave of all the others, and kissed them. Then they laid down upon their faces, and there was brought in, by eight pensioners, a pall of black, crossed with white, which was held over them ; the priest then read some part of the ceremony. The nuns chanted their prayers. This was an affecting sight ; I could not refrain from tears ; every one seemed affected around, particularly the French. One

of the priests seemed affected; the others appeared as insensible as statues of lead or wood. This ceremony lasted half an hour, while these poor girls were lying on their faces; and when they rise, it is called rising to the resurrection, after having been dead to the world. Then they went to the old abbess; she put upon them the nun's habit. While this was performing, the countenance of first of the nuns, who was French, and of one of the first families in the kingdom, which had been without a smile and entirely inattentive to every thing but her devotion, was lighted up with a smile, and she appeared very pleasing. The other was an Irish girl; her countenance was not very expressive; it seemed calm, and without any appearance of the least degree of perturbation of spirits. The first, I observed, blushed often, and seemed affected. After the robe was put on, there were more reading and prayers; then the priest sprinkled the veil destined for them with holy water, and perfumed it with frank incense. The abbess then put it on them while they kneeled before her; then followed more prayers and reading; then the abbess pinned upon each of their heads a wreath of flowers; this was a part of the ceremony, as none of the nuns but them had them. A candle was then put into their hands and mass was said, which, with the prayers and the whole ceremony, was performed in Latin,

of which I suppose they understood as much as I did.

When the priest in his sermon, invited all the others who were present, to follow the example of these nuns, I observed the English girl, who held the candle for one of them, look very sharp upon the other English girl, whose countenance expressed that she knew better than all this — that she had no such intention — quite right she.

The relations of the two victims appeared less affected than any one present. It is very probable they are the victims of pride or wickedness. Thus these two girls are destined to pass their lives within the walls of this convent. They are not so strict as formerly. Miss Jefferson told me they were very cheerful and agreeable. They seemed to take pleasure in contributing to the happiness of the pensioners. There were three princesses who are here for their education, and were distinguished from the others by a blue ribbon over the shoulder.

This is considered the best and most genteel convent in Paris. Most of the English, who send their children here for their education, put them into this convent. There are a number now here.

Tuesday, 19th. Oct. Mr. B. came flourishing out in the morning to accompany papa to Versailles, to be presented to his most Christian ma-

jesty, the King of France, with his four horses and three servants, in all the pomp of an American merchant. About twelve they returned, as there was no court.

Oct. 22. Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, and went with them to see the Duke de Chartres' gardens, which, if they were intended as an imitation of the English, were rather a burlesque upon them, or rather a proof how very inadequate the French are, to imitate the perfection to which the English have arrived. I would not detract from the merits of this nation in any respect, but certainly, they do not equal the English in the neatness and elegance of their gardens. Those at Chantilly, which are equal to any in France, were deficient in general neatness. We were not permitted to see the house, which was a greater disappointment to the other ladies, than to me, as I had seen it before. A French gentleman accompanied us, a very agreeable man, who has been in America, and was perhaps improved. What a local sentiment is this, and yet perhaps a just one, for this gentleman certainly discovered more modesty, than those gentlemen who have been only used to French manners would. We saw the gardens, which were very inadequate to my expectations; we returned to Auteuil before dinner.

26th. We all dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bing-

ham at their hotel, which is the Hotel Muscovy. There was much company: Mrs. B. gains my love and admiration, more and more every time I see her; she is possessed of more ease and politeness in her behaviour, than any person I have seen. She joins in every conversation in company; and when engaged herself in conversing with you, she will, by joining directly in another chit chat with another party, convince you, that she was all attention to every one. She has a taste for show, but not above her circumstances. Mr. B. is an agreeable man, but seems to feel the superiority of fortune more than Mrs. B. After dinner we went to the play without saying a word to any body, which was hardly civil according to my ideas; but it was French.

Oct. 27th. To-day we have had company to dine; all Americans but the three abbés; we passed the time agreeably. Mr. Jefferson was prevented by indisposition.

28th. Dined to-day, by invitation, with Monsieur Chalut, brother to the Abbé Chalut, — he is a very old man, and appears older than he really is. There was a young lady whom I took for his daughter; a very pretty, sprightly brunette. She called him *mon père*, and he called her *mon fille*. She is a very accomplished girl. When we came away, papa told me her history.

Madame Chalut went one day to the repository of foundlings, and took this girl out, as a plaything, as she had no children. She brought her home and educated her in the most polite manner, giving her a master for every accomplishment, and treated her as tenderly as if she had been her own child, until she died three years since. Her husband takes the same care of her; she has a master to teach her English, an abbé; he had been in America; he speaks English very well. There was other company, and by their ribbons I suppose were great folks. But persons in this country are seldom, if ever, introduced; and one may dine in an hundred companies, and converse with every one in company without knowing them. The abbés told my father at table to-day, that they dined once or twice a week with this gentleman, their brother, and half the time knew not half the company. We had an elegant dinner all served in plate, which I cannot like as well as china, though it has the appearance of more riches and grandeur. We came away after dinner and went to pay our respects to madame, the Marquise de la Fayette. We were shown to the ladies in their rooms. Madame, the Marquise, her mother, and youngest sister, were sitting in an unceremonious way with their work, and seemed to be in that social manner that we boast of in America. They seemed to be going out; so we made a short

visit. Madame de la Fayette received us very civilly and cordially, with great ease and goodness, and very politely apologized for not waiting upon us first. She speaks English a little. I had always heard she was handsome; I do not think her so; she was not painted, and very little dressed; she is very agreeable and pleasing, as indeed are all the ladies of this country; not equalled by any other I believe. As we came out, we met Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Williamson going in. We went to the Comedie Française; they gave us two laughable pieces, but I did not feel disposed to laugh at them.

Nov. 7th, 1784. This morning, for the first time since I have been in France, I went with my papa, mamma, and brother, to the Dutch Ambassador's Chapel; the service was in French. When we came out, papa went with us to the Hospital of Invalids, which is upon the other side of the river as we go to Paris. This institution was founded by Louis the 14th, to equal, or out do, the English. Every body who went to England extolled St. Paul's Church; his pride was touched by the praises bestowed upon that building, and he undertook to have this built, to equal the English. It is a building not so large as St. Paul's; there is a fine court, and the building is very elegant. The dome, which we see every day as we go to Paris, is the curiosity of the whole. It is a Church in a

circular form, paved with marble, wrought and inlaid in various forms and in various colours, most elegant and beautiful ; at each corner is a Chapel, as they are called, ornamented with three statues of white marble of the saint and saintess. The whole was embellished with fine paintings. The invalids received here are those who have served in the army twenty-five years, old or sick. We returned home.

Madame de la Fayette is a fine woman ; speaks a little English : perfectly easy in her manners ; a little French in some respects ; sprightly and very pleasing. As we were sitting round the fire, the door opened, and this lady entered with all the freedom of a familiar friend, how much more agreeable than any other manner possible. The women universally in this country, and the ladies of education in particular, have an ease and softness in their manners, that is not found in any other country perhaps in the world ; it is very charming, and were it not for some little exceptions, their manners would I think be perfect. She sat half an hour, and left us much pleased with her.

11th Nov. Papa and mamma being indisposed, my brother and myself dined at Mr. B.'s by invitation ; we found mostly Americans ; I had rather they had been French. The only lady was Mrs. C. except myself ; I found her much more agree-

able than I expected. Mr. C. had not the good fortune to please me. In the eve we went to the Italian comedy ; I was pleased and entertained.

18th. To-day we had company to dine — all Americans but the Marchioness de la Fayette ; all have been mentioned here before, and no one except Mr. Jackson merits a second observation. He is without exception, the most polite man I have ever seen ; by politeness I mean not that light superficial frothiness which we often meet with, and which sometimes conceals a great deal of rudeness, but a certain something in his manners and appearance that cannot fail to please every one who is acquainted with him ; my papa calls him the Sir Charles Grandison of this age ; I was never acquainted with him until I came to France ; I consider it an acquisition.

21st. Went to Paris in the evening, to the Comedie Française, where was played *Amphriton*, a comedy of Molière's.

Nov. 28th. A most beautiful day ; we had to dine with us Mr. Jackson, my favourite ; he is indeed a most worthy man ; — Dr. Bancroft, the author of *Charles Wentworth* ; he is about 40 ; his manners and conversation are agreeable — and when one has heard him converse for a few hours, though not upon any particular subject, one is rather pleased than otherwise. Also two young Americans, a Mr. B. a Virginian, the other a Phil-

adelphian ; and I do not believe, that to have searched the kingdom of France, one could have found two greater curiosities in appearance. Mr. J. is the only gentleman I have had any kind of conversation with since I have been here.

I have often complained of a stiffness and reserve in our circles in America, that was disagreeable — what every one complained of and no one banished ; a little French ease adopted would be an improvement. There are many customs here that might advantageously be carried into practice with us, and others that would not be found agreeable. In company here, every one consults his own pleasure ; the ladies walk about, view the pictures if there are any, chat with any one who pleases them, talk of general subjects, such as the spectacles ; no one in general is introduced, but this does not retard the general sociability ; personal subjects are to be avoided, and no ill must be spoken of any one ; persons need not be guarded, for no one should feel an inclination to say any thing to the detriment of another. Your company may form into parties, and converse as they please ; in some respects it is agreeable.

Tuesday 30th. Papa went to Versailles by himself last Tuesday ; he introduced Mr. J. Mr. T. and Mr. B. the first American gentlemen in private characters, that have been introduced at this court. Mr. B.'s ambition promoted it ; what

it will promote him to I know not ; if to what he wishes, it is easily determined.

December 1st. This morning Col. H. came out with Mr. W. to introduce a Mr. S. a young American from Virginia; he comes recommended highly, and is to live with Mr. Jefferson; to-morrow he dines with us. I have not seen him, as I do not make my appearance to the gentlemen. All classes of persons in this country have their fêtes, which are certain days when they feel themselves entitled to ask a livre or two ; the gardner has his, and the coachman his ; it is here mentioned as a custom of the country resulting from their religion.

2d. To-day we had company to dine ; the Ambassador of Sweden, and the Baron de Guere, Mr. Haldersdorf, and many others. The ambassador is a man of five and thirty, but appears not more than twenty-seven at most ; he is tall, graceful in his person, a fine complexion, good colour, good features, in short a very handsome man ; he spoke no English, but with bad French and a little English ; I had some conversation with him. The disposition he discovered to converse, made him appear very agreeable ; he spoke of the French ladies, but not with much approbation. He told my brother that a French lady of my age would appear ten years older than I did, their complexions being so very dark, adding that one could not

find in France so good a complexion as mine ; I could with justice have returned the compliment, if it was one. I observed that I thought by what I had seen at the theatres, that the French ladies had good complexions. Oh no, said he, *avec un-peu de rouge et blanche*, they appear tolerable. He praised the ladies of Sweden ; the Baron de Guere was likewise a Swede ; I had much conversation with him about America. I sat next to Mr. Jackson at table, and next to him was seated Madame B. who by an exuberance of sprightliness and wit, slips from the path of being perfectly agreeable ; a little judgment would amend whatever defects may appear.

Mamma and myself called to see Mrs. C. who received us with softness, sweetness, and affability ; every thing is delicate and agreeable, except the husband ; however, he has always behaved very well when I have seen him. After we had made our visit, we went to the Comedie Française to see Figaro, papa and mamma never having seen it. I found I understood it better than any other piece I have yet seen ; this is the 64th representation. It is indeed surprising that a piece with so little merit should fill the house so frequently ; it is from beginning to the end a piece of studied deception and intrigue ; it has never been printed, and it is thought it never will be. There appears to be a great deal of low wit,

to gain the approbation of the vulgar; but it seems to have gained the good will of higher ranks; every one exclaims against the morals of it, and yet every one adds to the number of spectators. Mademoiselle Contar plays admirably in it; she is the heroine of the piece, and is certainly charming; so much ease, grace, and such an apparent simplicity, that one might take her for a saint, if they knew not that she was a courtesan.

Dec. 31st. To-day by invitation, we dined with the abbés. Mademoiselle Lucelle was there, and two gentlemen. She speaks a little English, and I a little French; so we had some conversation. She has the ease and affability, sprightliness, attention, and apparent solicitude to please, of a real French girl. This solicitude is not troublesome, nor does it discover itself by apparent studiousness, but when you least think of it, she makes some advance which never fails of success. I sat next her at table, she corrected my French, I in return, corrected her English. She sings, and although I think she has not the least voice in the world, complies with your request without hesitation; she was going to the opera, and left us at five o'clock. The Abbé Arno, though 60 years old, is a man of much vivacity and wit, with always a great deal of pleasantry. The Abbé de Mably, who is always of our parties there, and dines with us with the other two, although he does not

live with them ; he is eighty years old, a man of great learning ; has written many things that are highly spoken of ; among them are some letters to my papa upon the forms of our government ; they have been translated, and three editions of them out in London. He spoke yesterday very highly of *Telemachus*, as one of the finest things in the French language ; he said he had read it very often, and always was charmed with it ; it was admirably well expressed. He said he had sometimes reflected how he should have rendered the same sentiments, and that he always finds he should not have equalled the author. After we came away, we went to Mr. Jefferson's, where I had the honour and pleasure of making tea for the gentlemen, Mr. J., Mr. W., Mr. H., Mr. S., Mr. Adams and his son, mamma and myself. After tea, we went to see the hall where the courts of justice are held ; it was New-year's eve, and filled with people, some to gratify their curiosity, some to make purchases at the shops. In such a crowd in London we should expect to be robbed, but here, one is entirely safe in the streets and at public places. We returned to Auteuil about nine.

Jan. 1st, 1785. Papa went to court, it being a great day ; the ladies were much dressed ; the king and queen first received the ambassadors, then went to mass for an hour, then dined in pub-

lic, to give all the world the opportunity to see them eat and drink ; this ceremony is called the Grand Couvert, of which there are three in a year.

3d. It is customary in this country, and I believe in all Europe, to visit and receive visits, to congratulate every one of their acquaintance upon the new year. I asked one gentleman about the dress of the ladies on Saturday at Versailles, but he could not tell me more than papa. I think he related an anecdote at one of the feasts given to the King of Sweden, who was here the last year, and to whom the court was very civil, by paying him every polite attention ; upon these occasions it is customary for the court and the ambassadors to dress more than usual. Madame Adelaide, one of the king's aunts, addressed herself to Monsieur la Compt de Mercy in French — "how comes it, Monsieur Ambassador, that you are so little dressed on this occasion ?" The ambassador seemed a little surprised : "I do not know, madam ; my coat cost me 80,000 livres." "Then," said she, "you should have pinned the price upon the back of it." It was green velvet, very plain, with diamond buttons ; a very curious circumstance that the ambassador should be obliged to tell the price of his coat.

My brother and myself attended one of the little theatres ; after the entertainment was over, we walked in the Palais Royal ; this is a very fash-

ionable public walk, since the Duke de Chartres has improved it so very much ; it was formerly a small public garden. The palace was very indifferent when the duke came into the possession of it ; he cut down the trees, and added to the building, so as to make four sides, and enclose the gardens in the centre, and made a covered walk all around the square, that renders it very agreeable and convenient ; the lower part of the houses are converted into shops, the other stories to other purposes, some to hotels. It was generally supposed the duke would ruin himself by the expense he was at, paying ten per cent. for the money he borrowed, and they called it the Duke de Chartres' folly ; but, from its beauty and lucrativeness, it proves to be wisdom. We met some acquaintances, and when I came home, I had a feast of letters from America.

1785. Last Friday, the 7th of January, Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries ascended at Dover in a balloon, and in two hours descended a league from Calais, to the great joy and admiration of every one who saw them. The people of Calais received the aëriel travellers with every mark of attention, respect, and admiration ; they presented Mr. Blanchard with a gold box, the figure of his balloon on the cover, and presented him with letters, giving him the title of citizen of Calais. They offered the same to Dr. J. but he, being a

stranger, declined them ; probably thinking his situation in England would be rendered more disagreeable, and create jealousies by such a distinction. They likewise requested of Mr. Blanchard his balloon to put into the Cathedral Church at Calais, as the ship of Columbus was put into a Church in Spain. These gentlemen have arrived at Paris. This voyage has been long projected — their success has been quite equal to their expectations ; there being but little wind, they did not make so quick a voyage as some others have done. Mr. B. is a Frenchman, Dr. J. an American.

Wednesday, 12th January. To-day papa carried mamma and myself to see two churches, Notre Dame and St. Sulpice ; these are two of the finest in Paris. The churches in this country are superior in point of grandeur, magnificence, and elegance, to any other buildings they have ; these were very beautiful. I had not time to notice them, or knowledge sufficient to describe them. We went also to see the *Enfans Trouvés* : this claimed my attention more than the churches. Louis 14th, by a declaration of an order of his counsel, authorized the establishment of this hospital, which is attended by some religious order called Charity Sisters, who oversee it. This house was built in the year 1747. All new born children are received here, at all hours, night and day,

without question or formality ; during the day they are received at the door ; during the night the sisters watch to receive them ; their number amounts to more than six thousand every year. In the hall of this house there are an hundred cradles to receive the infants. There are always four nurses in this house, who nurse them until they can be put out to nurse, where they keep them until they are five years old. On their return they are conducted to another house upon the same plan, and connected with this, where they are taught to read and write ; the boys to knit, and the girls to embroider, and make lace, till the age of 13, when they take their first communion ; then they are put to trades.

There was a chapel which we did not see ; there are two chaplains who belong to it, who are aided by *enfants* who sing the service.

We saw the hall where they are first received, and the hundred cradles. The sister who governed here, seemed a well-bred, intelligent person ; her dress was that of a nun, her countenance was expressive of all that was amiable — sensibility and sweetness were predominant. She told us there had been received more than six thousand the last year ; they had fifteen thousand at nurse in the country, under five years old ; she had received since the first of January, and this was only the 12th, two hundred ; that about one-third

died every year. Sometimes, she said, they were so cold and stiffened that they could not recover them. It was amazing to me how they could keep a room with such a number, either decent, or otherwise than disagreeable. I can truly say I never saw a room in better order or neatness; the cradles were all round the room, and two rows down the middle; each one shone like mahogany, and the beds looked as neat as possible. The poor little things were some asleep, others crying, and some without any appearance of life. She showed us several that had been brought in this day, and one that had been baptized that morning. While we were looking at them, and considering their helpless situation, unprotected by those to whom they owed their lives, another was brought in to add to the number; this appeared about three months old. There came with it a paper, stating the death of its mother. The motto of the house is: "My father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord hath taken care of me."

"This Institution of Charity Sisters, owes its foundation to Madame le Gras. Few establishments are equally useful; the benevolent cares of these pious women, make them attend upon the poor and their children; they afford great relief in their parishes, and every where; they make their vows yearly, and have it in their power to leave

them when they please. Their chapel is remarkable for its extreme simplicity and neatness — at the foot of the altar, is the tomb of its foundress, Madame le Gras.”

20th. Mamma and myself went to Paris, and paid a visit to Mrs. B. in the Palais Royal; we have not seen her before since she moved. I was quite as much pleased with her as ever, and must confess that she has excellencies that overbalance every want of judgment, or that love for gay life, which is very conspicuous in her, but which I do not wonder at, at all. It is united with so many agreeable and amiable qualities, that it is impossible not to admire her. They are really domestic, and the principles of affection and domestic happiness are so very apparent, that I never see them that I do not gain a higher opinion of that state, in which I believe one may most enjoy it.

I often think of a speech of Gov. Pownall's when he was here some time since. I thank Heaven, said he, I have no habits. Method is an acquisition that saves people much trouble; but when too scrupulously attended to, leads to such a degree of regularity, that sometimes become troublesome. This degree should be avoided as much as possible, as people would wish to relieve their friends from a disagreeable situation; but how I came upon this subject here I know not.

January 27th. A small company to dine to-

day; the Abbé Arneau, Mr. Dash a Swedish gentleman, Col. H., and Mr. Jefferson; Miss J. we expected; but the news of the death of one of Mr. J.'s children in America, brought by the Marquis de la Fayette, prevented. Mr. J. is a man of great sensibility, and parental affection. His wife died when this child was born, and he was almost in a confirmed state of melancholy; confined himself from the world, and even from his friends, for a long time; and this news has greatly affected him and his daughter. She is a sweet girl, delicacy and sensibility are read in every feature, and her manners are in unison with all that is amiable and lovely; she is very young. Col. H. has taken the most effectual means of gaining my good opinion; no more reflections upon the stiffness of his manners must proceed from me; he presented me to-day with a copy of a poem written by himself, and addressed to the army, while he was Aid de Camp to General Washington, which he has had printed since he came to Paris. I confess I had not formed an idea of his being a poet. This was no doubt owing to my want of penetration. It is well written, and the verse is easy.

Mr. S. grows very sociable and pleasant. He appears a well-bred man, without the least formality, or affectation of any kind. He converses with ease, and says many good things. He wants to go to a convent to learn French. The abbé,

upon my inquiring to-day after Mademoiselle Lucille, told me she had gone to a convent ; and added, that the manners of the women of this country were so dissipated, and the example they set their daughters was so bad, that they were obliged to put them into convents, to keep them out of this influence. This may be generally true, but the abbé has a most detestable idea of the women of this country, perhaps justly ; but I do not see how they can be otherwise : the manner of education, and above all, the shocking manner in which they are sacrificed, in the most sacred of all connections ; oftentimes nothing but inconstancy and wickedness can result from it.

Sunday, 30th Jan., 1785. This eve Monsieur la Marquis de la Fayette called upon us, for the first time since he arrived. I had neglected to be properly dressed to-day, and was punished by not having it in my power to see him. He gave my papa and mamma agreeable accounts of our State, and of Boston in particular ; he says it is the best regulated, and he observed the most harmony and agreement in the people, of any of the States ; he had visited all. He tells us Mr. King is chosen member of Congress.

February 7th. To-day we dined with Mr. Jefferson. He invited us to come and see all Paris, which was to be seen in the streets to-day, and many masks, it being the last day but one, of the

Carnival, and to go to the mask ball in the evening; which we did not attend. I had but little curiosity to go; the description of those who have seen it, has not given me spirit enough to spend all the night to be perhaps not gratified. The ball begins at one o'clock in the morning, and lasts until six. There are no characters supported at them here, as in England, nor are there any variety in the dresses. Mrs. B. says it is the only amusement that is not superior here, to what they have in London. She is so delighted with Paris, that she says she shall never go to America with her own consent; she expects to be carried, in the spring. I confess I cannot form an idea of this disposition. She has, I believe, by this time, laid the foundation of a future life of unhappiness. Miss Jefferson dined with us — no other company.

February 14th. To-day we have dined with Dr. Franklin; there was a large company: our family, the Marquis de la Fayette and lady, Lord Mount Morris an Irish volunteer, Dr. Jeffries, Mr. Paul Jones. The Dr.'s family consists of himself, Mrs. Hewson an English lady, Mr. F., Mr. Beach his grandson, Mr. Williams who is generally there. Mr. Jefferson has not been out to dine this long time. The Marquis de la Fayette I never saw before; he appears a little reserved, and very modest.

Lord Mount Morris attracted my attention; he

is a very handsome man, a fine person, and an agreeable countenance. He looked inquiring, but Madam B., who is well acquainted with his lordship, engrossed all his attention. There was another Irish gentleman who was passable. Dr. Jeffries, the man of the day, I happened to be seated next at table. I made some inquiries respecting his late voyage *aëriel*; he did not seem fond of speaking of it; he said he felt no difference from his height in the air, but that the air was finer, and obliged them to breathe oftener, and that it was very cold. He has been so cavilled at in the papers, that I don't wonder at his reluctance at conversing upon the subject.

We had a sumptuous dinner — it is now Lent, and all the French are doomed to fish. Our French servants have purchased themselves dispensations for eating meat, because they live with us. However improbable this may appear, it is a fact if they speak the truth.

Madame the Marquise de la Fayette was quite sociable with papa, and professed to be a physiognomist. She would not allow that I was *triste*, but grave.

We have a tableau of Paris, which is a description of Paris; and if it is a true picture, a most lamentable one. I would not exclaim against a people of whom I know so little, otherwise than from hearsay — as I do of this — yet plain facts as-

tonish me sometimes. Well might Mr. Jefferson say, that no man was fit to come abroad until 35, unless he were under some person's care.

21st February. Dined at the Marquis de la Fayette's with a circle of Americans. It was intended as a compliment; but I had rather it had been thought so to introduce us to French company. The fondness that Madame la Marquise discovers for her children, is very amiable; and the more remarkable in a country where the least trait of such a disposition is scarce known. She seems to adore them, and to live but in them. She has two that were presented to us; they both speak English, and sing it; the Marquis appeared very fond of them likewise. He is apparently a man of great modesty, and delicacy of manners.

Speaking of Mrs. Jay, on whom every person who knew her when here bestows many encomiums, Madame de la Fayette said, she was well acquainted with, and very fond of Mrs. Jay; she added, Mrs. Jay and she thought alike; it was Mrs. Jay's sentiment, that pleasure might be found abroad — but happiness could only be found at home — in the society of one's family and friends. She told my papa that Mrs. Jay did not like the French ladies — neither do I, said she. From the account she had heard of the American ladies, she believed she should be pleased with them — and should the Marquis ever again visit America, she

would accompany him. I was seated at table, between Mr. B. and the Irish gentleman whose name I have forgotten ; he was very civil, but nothing very remarkable in him ; Mr. B. was insupportably disagreeable. I cannot but dislike his manners in general ; to his wife they are better than any man I have known. Mrs. B. was as ever, engaging. The elegance of her dress demands a description ; a black velvet dress with pink satin sleeves and stomacher, a pink satin petticoat, and over it a skirt of white crape, spotted all over with gray fur ; the sides of the gown open in front, and bottom of the coat trimmed with paste ; it was superb, and the gracefulness of the person made it appear to peculiar advantage. To avoid singularity, and the observation of the company she goes into, she wears more rouge than is advantageous to her ; I was pleased with a little upon her, but she has become quite a French woman in this respect. We came home without going to the play.

Feb. 22d. Papa went to Versailles, Col. H. and Mr. S. accompanied him ; the latter he introduced at court. They came out and breakfasted with us.

Feb. 26th. To-day Dr. Franklin, Mr. Williams, and a Monsieur St. Olympia, a French West Indian, dined with us ; the latter has been writing upon the trade of the Americans with the West

Indies ; papa breakfasted with him on Thursday. He brought a book on politics for papa to look at, and inquired if the ladies in America talked politics? Papa told him they conversed much upon politics, and that the liberties of a country depended upon the ladies.

March 3d. My brother and myself went to the Italian comedy, to see Richard Cœur de Lion, a piece that has been played twenty times, and has had great success. It is founded upon English history ; there were some admirable scenes in it, and they were well acted ; the music was excellent. It will not do to see any dancing after that at the opera, which exceeds every thing in the world. I have heard it observed that the art of dancing is carried to greater perfection in this country, than any other of the arts.

March 5th, 1785. To-day we have had a small company to dine — all Americans. Col. H. and Mr. Williams, who is a man who seems to derive a great degree of pleasure from being useful to his friends, and omits no opportunity to exert his power to their advantage ; he has been very civil to us in many things. He knows the disadvantages of being in a country where one is an entire stranger to the usages and customs, and when he can serve his acquaintances who are in such a situation, he is gratified to do it. I do not know what we shall do when he goes from Paris.

Mrs. B. came out to make us a visit and drank tea — the bloom of the rose is fading — dissipation will blast the fairest flower that ever bloomed ; in her it is verified ; 'tis a pity so much delicacy and beauty should be sacrificed to a few weeks of pleasure. They leave Paris in two months, to resume their travels, first to Switzerland, then to Italy, in the course of the present year.

The *Tableau de Paris*, written by Monsieur de Mercier, in six volumes, gives a very particular description of every thing that can be found in Paris—I had almost said in France. It is very entertaining; he has lashed where he disapproved, and is just, it is said, upon every thing. When he published his work, which he did without the approbation of the King, he was sought for, and the book-seller was taken up. When the author found this was the case, he went to the lieutenant of police, and told him he was himself the author. This openness of conduct, it is said, only saved him from being banished. The police made him a compliment upon his work, but he was soon obliged to leave the kingdom, and it is probable can never return. Thus it is, when a man speaks truth in this country he is banished from it.

Monday, 7th March. To-day dined with the Marquis de la Fayette; the same company we had before, and the day was passed in much the

same way. I was seated again, next to the Irish gentleman.

March 9th. To-day we went to Paris in the morning, and Mr. Williams went with us to see the gallery of pictures belonging to the Duke de Chartres, in the Palais Royal. As the young princes, his children, were with their drawing master, we were not permitted to go through the house, and were obliged to pass through the court; thus little people must submit to greater. The gallery is very long, and there are two other rooms, all hung with pictures, by some of the first painters; Raphaël, Rubens, Michel Angelo, and others. They were in general Scripture pieces; and many repetitions of the same thing. There was a descent from the cross, which is said to be one of the finest pictures now existing. I cannot form an idea of more expression in any thing, than is here depicted; the same passions are represented variously, and equally admirable in all. There were several of Mary with the child Jesus, that were fine; in all I observed that she was drawn with red hair. But there was a head of St. John, that struck me more than all the rest; the eyes were looking up, the countenance appeared rather feminine; but there was a sweetness, calmness, and serenity, that charmed me; there are but few pictures that have pleased me more. There was a representation of the judg-

ment of Paris, with Juno, Minerva, and Venus ; I was not particularly pleased with this. Indeed, there is a disagreeable sensation mixed with the pleasure I derive from my view of paintings, that I have yet seen in Europe ; though I find the impression is not so forcible as it was at first. But even now I turn involuntarily aside, sometimes when others are admiring ; perhaps it is an affectation, yet I do not believe that it is not a better principle. There were many others, deserving attention ; but when such a variety is presented to the view, it is impossible to retain a just idea of all ; we see one and admire it, but when we see many others worthy of attention, the first is hardly retained ; I always find it so, and always wish to devote more time to them, than it is possible to do. The Duke de Chartres has also made a collection of the models of all trades, and has them in glass cases. This man, with all his possessions, and with every thing in his power to possess, but the disposition to be made happy by them, goes to England to associate with the Prince of Wales, and to seek the pleasure which he cannot find within the compass of his own possessions, in his own country. Such is human nature.

We went to see Mademoiselle Bertang, who is milliner to the Queen of France and to all Europe. She is now employed in making clothes for l'infante d'Espagne, and the Princess of Por-

tugal. The former is to be demanded the 28th of the present month, in marriage, by the Prince of Portugal ; she is now ten years old ; the clothes are very rich and superb ; but we did not see the best, as they are sent off as soon as finished. We saw the dress which she wore at court. Mademoiselle Bertang has lately received orders for unlimited credit upon the court of Spain, for these things ; it is said she will not clear less than five or six thousand guineas. She is the first milliner in Europe ; every year she sends the fashions to all parts of the world. We went to a large room, where there were twenty girls at work ; the hotel seemed to be large and full.

Saturday, 12th March. To-morrow commences *Semaine Sainte*, Holy Week. But this people could not exist, if they had not some amusement or diversion ; there will be a Concert Spirituel every night, and the fête of Long-Champ occupies three days. A few years since, upon one of these days, there appeared one of the girls who dance at the opera, in a carriage with servants ; her whole equipage superior to any other present, or to the Queen's. The wheels of her carriage were washed with silver, and her horses were shod with silver ; every thing was in uniformity with this. The next day the queen sent her word, if she ever appeared in such a manner again, she should be taken care of. Whether this was not descending

from the dignity we should suppose in the character of the Queen of France, I will not decide.

Monday, 14th. We had a large company to dine, the Marquis de la Fayette and lady, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Mr. Brandson the Dutch Ambassador Extraordinary, Mr. and Mrs. B.; the latter has a great share of grace, united with a vivacity that is enchanting, but without much dignity; grace depends upon the person, actions, and manners; dignity is placed in the mind; the latter she has not; she is nevertheless, a charming woman.

16th. Mamma and myself went to Paris and visited Mrs. ———; there is something in this woman that pleases me very much; it calls forth my compassion, and I feel that she is unhappy. There is so much of that tenderness and sensibility that is seldom discovered after the romance of affection is a little dissipated about her, that convinces me — it is not an ideal and imaginary sentiment, as some have said but which I never believed — there is more expression in her silence, than in ten thousand complaints that I have heard from some people. Her children are all amiable and lovely. We spent an hour with her before other company came. Mrs. R. was accompanied by a Mr. West, who was introduced to us, by a Mr. Jackson. He was out this morning to visit us, but I was dressing and could not see him.

17. Dined to-day at Dr. Franklin's ; the whole company were Americans, except an old man, Monsieur Brillian, who is a friend of the Dr., and who came as he said, "*a demander un diné à Pere Franklin.*" His wife, it is said, is one of the handsomest women in France. This man is perhaps 60 years old ; his hair is white from age, but he is not venerable ; he possesses neither wit or reason, but has a great propensity for talking, and from his manners, I suppose, thinks he has a natural turn for satire, when in reality he has no more than his horse. Reader, pardon the comparison ; of the man I ask none.

March 20th. Well might the Abbé Arneau say that people in this country put their children into convents to keep them out of the influence of their manners. Mrs.— told me last Monday when she dined here, she was going to pass the eve with Madame la Marquise de Buillye, and, added she, I suppose I shall play cards there till the morning. She said she was there the last day of the Carnival, and she staid until two o'clock in the morning, then came away leaving the company at cards ; that a gentleman who was of the party, called upon her the next day at ten, and assured her when he came away he left the company at play ; she told me that the Marquis de B. went to bed, rose the next morning, went in full

dress to pay his wife a visit, and found the company as he had left them ! What a picture !

She adds, that there are five ladies and some gentlemen, who are of that particular party ; they meet at each other's houses five nights in the week, as constantly as the week passes ; that four nights they play till morning ; the other two nights they reserve for other parties ; that they go to the play in the forepart of the evening, and after the play or opera is over, they meet. She said she knew a gentleman who was of all their parties, and that it was inconceivable the money he had lost this winter at play with them. These are the wives' parties. The husbands meet at their public clubs, and have gamed until it was prohibited by the king lately. There are two of these, the saloons, and the arcander, where the first and principal men of the kingdom meet every night ; they have the public papers, and all the news, and a supper, and used to play, till forbidden. There must be a formal reception, for which they pay a certain sum. These clubs are not approved of by the government of this country, and it is said they would be forbidden. But what a portrait of real life ! — who could be induced to believe that human beings sacrificed their time and lives to such practices, if they were not assured of the truth of it ? The picture Swift has drawn of a fashionable lady, I now be-

lieve verily true in every iota ; these are the people, and these are the manners, that my father will not introduce us to ; there are a few exceptions, the Marquis de la Fayette and family. I have heard madame the marquise say, that she seldom went out except into her family connections. I suppose the true reason is that the company she would go into would be of this sort, and it would not be agreeable to her. I have heard her express her disapprobation of gaming, or indeed of play ; even Mrs. B. is not so pleased with it as when she first arrived. As an American lady, she might always have excused herself from playing, if she had wished it, “but,” said Mrs.——, “I became fond of it, before the winter was over, and have won sometimes twenty guineas of an evening.” Of all practices, this is to me the most detestable.

There is scarce a greater offence against delicacy possible to be committed, than to go into company with a little powder upon your face ; it is almost the criterion of indecency ; but at the same time, a lady will put an ounce or two of rouge upon her face, and even think she is not dressed without it.

Mr. Williams told me an anecdote. When he first arrived in Paris, a friend of his accompanied him to dine with a lady of his acquaintance. The first thing that struck him was being introduced

to the ladies' bed-chamber, which is here as usual as it is to visit. The lady was rather in a dishabille, except her head which was highly dressed. When dinner was served, they went into another room; after dining, they returned again to the lady's bed-chamber; a gentleman in company, took from the table an orange; while the rest of the company were taking their coffee, he was eating his orange — and, unfortunately, happened to put the peel upon the side of the chimney piece, and after a little time went away as is usual in this country, without taking leave. Sometime after he was gone, the lady called her servant and inquired for this gentlemen; the servant told her he had gone, but he had heard him order his servants to drive him to such an hotel. She ordered her servant to go and request the gentleman to return, for she wished to see him; in less than an hour the gentleman returned, begging to know her commands — when she called her servant and ordered him to take that orange peel away. This, said Mr. W., completed my wonder and astonishment.

When I dined at Dr. Franklin's last 'Thursday, I asked Mr. F. by whom I was seated at table, whether the image in the centre of it represented any particular device, as I observed a crown of laurel and some figures? — he said " he believed it was Love and Hymen, an old fashioned idea

you know," said he ; " they used to talk of such things in former times, but at present they know better." I told him I was surprised to find it at his table, I believed it was not of his choice. He is strongly attached to the French. He told me he preferred an English lady who had acquired the graces of French manners ; which, he added, were to be gained no where but at Paris — that was the centre, and there they were all collected and resided. I believe he was here right ; there is a something not to be defined, that the French women possess, which, when it ornaments and adorns an English lady, forms something irresistibly charming.

24th March. This is Holy Week, and to-day it is, that the King and Queen wash the feet of twelve children, and give them a dinner ; when all the princes of the blood serve the dinner, and the King and Queen tend them at table. The same ceremony is performed in the churches by the archbishop and the priests. We went to St. Sulpice ; what a spectacle did the Church present ! two hundred of the dirtiest creatures I ever beheld. The priests were in their robes, but shamefully dirty ; they had a dozen little boys with purple jackets, and purple caps, their hair shaved ; then followed six or eight black friars ; they were parading the Church, first into one Chapel singing their service. We went down several stone steps,

into a place they call the sepulchre ; there were a number of persons at their devotions. There is nothing more surprising than the manner and form with which these people address the Supreme Being ; I do not understand their professions, nor do I form any judgment of it. There is in this Church, a beautiful figure in white marble of the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus in her arms. It is impossible to imagine a figure with more expression ; the countenance is placid, mild, and sweet beyond description ; we staid as long as it was possible, but came away without seeing any ceremony. The churches are very disagreeable ; the windows are cased with iron grates ; it is impossible for the sun or air to have any access ; the floors are all of stone ; they are excessively cold and damp ; we returned to Auteuil by the *grand route*, as it is called, that we might have a view of the carriages at Long-Champ ; it is curious to observe how much more attended this was, than the churches. The foundation of it was this ; there is a convent of women at the village of Long-Champ ; they had some very fine musicians, who used to exhibit on those three days, which drew a great number of persons to hear it ; the convent was always open on these days, and there was a great concourse of people. But in a few years there began to be disturbances committed, and the Archbishop of Paris, who is supreme

and arbitrary, ordered the convent to discontinue their custom ; but this did not induce the Parisians to deprive themselves of their amusement. It has continued to be very fashionable, and forms three days of amusement and diversion for all Paris and its environs. There were, I may venture to say, a thousand carriages, and as many persons walking and on horseback ; it was cold, and as mamma intended seeing them to-morrow, we came away soon, before indeed half the carriages had arrived.

Friday 25th. The weather was rather disagreeable in the morning, but it cleared away and permitted us to go to Long-Champ, where there were the greatest collection of carriages that I have ever seen ; there were none particularly elegant. There were great numbers on horseback ; the king's pages were all on horseback ; most of them aped the English in their dress and appearance, so much so, as to deceive the spectators, many of them. The beaux in this country aim very much at the English dress, as the English do the French ; it is the particular aim of each to appear what they are not. When a Frenchman is in a great dishabille, he says he is *a la Anglais*. We joined the throng, and drove twice round the circle ; after we had seen what there was to be seen, we went to take tea at Dr. Franklin's with Mrs. Hewson, and passed an hour

very agreeably. Mr. F. is always sociable, and is very satirical in general. He reminds me of a lady famed in this way, whom I have known in America. The Dr. is always silent, unless he has some diverting story to tell, of which he has a great collection. Mr. F. copies him in this way, and although he tells a story well, yet I do not think it a pleasing trait in the character of a young man — it appears better in age; it seems then expressive of a desire to be agreeable — which in old age is not always attended to. The Dr. has something so venerable in his appearance, that he inspires one with respect. I never saw an old man more so.

Friday eve, March 27th. As we were sitting around the fire about 9 o'clock, we heard some guns, which we supposed were to announce the birth of a prince or princess. On Monday morning we were informed of the birth of a prince, whose title is Duke of Normandy. This is an event which occasions great joy and rejoicing throughout the kingdom, particularly in Paris and at Versailles.

29th. Papa went to Versailles, it being Ambassador's Day; upon such an occasion there was much company. The young Duke of Normandy received all the ambassadors and ministers, though only two days old; he was lying on a bed, and attended by two or three ladies; if this had hap-

pened to have been a princess, she would have been scarce noticed. The Queen is to see no company for five days, except the princesses of the royal family. As soon as a prince is born, he has a house, servant, carriages, horses, tutors, governors and governesses, and every other attendant to him, while he, poor thing, is insensible to every thing. The whole nation are taught to look upon them as their guardians and support. In a government such as this, where all power and authority is vested in the King, it is undoubtedly necessary that he should be respected from the moment he exists, and through his life.

30th. Papa dined with the Spanish Ambassador, together with a number of great folks; there was the Count Deranda, a German Prince. He introduced his lady, and inquired if the American ladies painted? He was informed they did not. She said the Spanish ladies never painted, and that she never did unless she was going into particular French company.

Yesterday Madame de la Fayette wrote a very polite card to mamma, informing her that the King would come to-day to the Church of Notre Dame to assist in the Te Deum, which would be sung in that Church, to return thanks for the birth of a prince; and to offer us places in her father's tribunal at the Church, and to-day we

went. The hour she appointed us to meet at her house was two o'clock ; we dined early and went. From Auteuil to the Barrier we met a number of people ; but from the Barrier to the Marquis', and from thence to Notre Dame — which was at least three miles — I cannot attempt to describe the appearance ; every street was so crowded, that had it not been for the police, which upon every public occasion are as numerous as the people — they are obliged to be very strict — it would not have been possible for a carriage to have passed. I believe I may say with truth there were millions of people. Mr. Jefferson, who rode from the Marquis' with us, supposed there were as many people in the streets as there were in the State of Massachusetts, or any other of the States. Every house was full — every window and door, from the bottom to the top. Before the Church there is a large square, which was lined with troops, drawn up in rows, and appeared very well. The Church of Notre Dame is of very ancient architecture ; it is the most beautiful building I have seen. The churches have no pews, but are filled with chairs and benches. There are a variety of chapels in them, in which there always is a representation of the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus. On one side of the chapel there were seats, where all the judges were seated, dressed in crimson velvet robes, and large wigs. On the other side

were lawyers in black habits ; their dress is much the same as in our country, except that they wear their hair long behind, and without being tied, but waving, which is very graceful.

On one side of the altar were a number of ladies of rank ; on the other side, were the ambassadors and public ministers ; before the altar were placed seats, and under a canopy was a crimson velvet cushion, and seats all round with each a crimson velvet cushion ; this was for his majesty to kneel upon. There were the bishops with the archbishop at their head, dressed in purple robes, with skirts which came as low as their knees, of the richest lace. There were a number of others of a different order, dressed with cloaks, wrought with gold. Among these was the Abbé de Bourbon, an illegitimate son of Louis 15th. He appeared to be about 27 years old, a very handsome man. I observed all the gentlemen of the court paid particular attention to him. Madame de la Fayette observed, she thought it was too magnificent, and there was too much noise and bustle for the Church ; she said it was not peaceful enough. I was charmed with her behaviour to her company ; the Marquis was with the King ; she had to arrange the company when we went to Church, which she did, paying particular attention to every one. In the eve the whole city of Paris was illuminated. Papa was here at the first cer-

emony of this kind, when the first princess was born. The decorations at that time were superior to this. It was impossible not to make many reflections upon this august and superb ceremony, and upon the sentiments the people discovered for their King. But in this government I should judge it was right and necessary. If the man who has the whole kingdom at his disposal, is not respected, and thought of next to their God, he will not long sustain his power. And however wrong it may be, it is unavoidable.

April 2d. Mrs. Hewston and Mr. Franklin came and drank tea with us. We went in the eve to the Concert Spirituel, which is open while the theatres are all shut; and upon some of the fêtes, it is somewhat *triste*. The music is called good. There is some part of all the vocal music that I have heard, since I have been in this country, that sounds to my ear like overstraining the voice, and has upon me an unpleasant effect. I am told it is because I am not a connoisseur that it does not please me, for it is the height of perfection. That I am not a connoisseur is a truth; nor will I pretend to decide upon the justice of other people's tastes, because my own does not accord with them. I saw many things that would have appeared very strange, had I met with them a few months since. I am accustomed

to many things at present, but I am not reconciled to them.

4th April. Dined to-day with the Marquis de la Fayette—our circle of Americans diminishes daily—there were a number of French gentlemen, most of whom had been in America, and spoke English; General Armand, Capt. la Tonch, and Col. G., who I believe lives at the Marquis'.

General A. speaks very highly of our state, and of Boston in particular; most foreigners give the preference to Boston, to all parts of the United States, at least they tell us so; and why should we not believe them in an instance so favourable to ourselves? If they do not speak the sentiments of their hearts, it is their own fault; but I believe this gentleman was sincere. He observed that there was an ostentatious show of hospitality in the Southern States; but he found the reality in Boston. He went there a stranger and without money; many of the merchants loaned him money, upon his word only, that he would repay it.

Madame de la Fayette discovered her usual attachment to the Marquis and her children. The Marquis had ordered that the children should not be presented, supposing that the attention paid to them, rather a compliment to him and his lady, than any real pleasure the company could possibly derive from their presence; but mamma re-

quested they might be introduced, and they came.

April 7th. To-day we had a small company to dine :— Mr. West, who gains our good opinion daily, as a man of sense, and possessed of many agreeable qualities. Mrs. Hewsten has been with Dr. F. all winter ; she is a sensible woman. The Dr. addressed some of his philosophical letters to this lady. He boarded with her mother in England, and has continued to preserve a great esteem for Mrs. Hewsten. Her manners are neither masculine nor affected ; but she laughs too much to please me ; she leaves France next week, to return to England.

8th. Mamma and myself went to Paris, and called on Mrs. ———, who goes in a few days to London. I could not but regret her leaving Paris, although I have seen but little of her, yet I never see her without feeling a degree of regard for her. She is most sweetly amiable, possessed of a great share of sensibility : had she married a man of sense and judgment, who would have endeavoured to turn her attention to something more important than dress and show, and recommended them only as ornaments to adorn good sense, and an improved mind, she would have shown with distinguished lustre, in every point of view ; for even now, she is possessed of many qualifications to make her beloved and respected. I have not formed such an opinion of Mr. ——. I am mista-

ken if he does not lack some essential qualifications to make him either respected or admired.

The Marquis de la Fayette, has received some letters from America, respecting a son of General Green's, who is coming to France to be educated with the Marquis' son George. The Marquis says it his intention to send his son, when he is fitted to be educated, at Harvard College. Col. H. told him to-day, that he was not pleased with the idea, that some of the principal people in America should send their children to France for their education — my papa adds, that every person ought to be educated in the country in which they are to live, and of which they are a part, and in a community of which they are a member. Mr. D. also conversed upon the salaries, and manner of living, of the ambassadors at this court. The Spanish Ambassador, he said, had an hundred persons in his house — fifty servants in livery, and keeps thirty horses. The Duke of Dorset, Ambassador from England, has fifty servants, twenty of them in livery.

May 10th, 1785. Papa went to Versailles to-day, and took his leave of this court; he has been appointed to England. Mr. Jefferson succeeds him here.

11th, Wednesday. According to the polite invitation of the Baron de Stael, Ambassador from Sweden, we dined with him to-day; he is a very

handsome man, a good figure, and tolerable complexion ; his eyes are animated ; his manners are pleasing. It is the custom in this country to have a suit of rooms all open for the reception of your company, all equally elegantly furnished. The ambassador received us at the door of the anti-chamber, and conducted us to the other room, where he introduced to us a young Swede, a Baron, who had served two years in America, in the French army. He spoke English surprisingly well. The dinner was studiously simple and elegant — it was served in plate — the knives, forks, and spoons of gold.

May 9th, 1785—Auteuil, near Paris. When we came from the Marquis' to-day, where we had dined, as papa had business with Mr. Jefferson, he went in the carriage with Mr. W. and Mr. Short. Messieurs Jarvis and Randal went with mamma and myself. While the former was in a shop making some purchase, Mr. R. and myself had a learned dissertation upon blushing, which arose from a girl passing by the carriage with a veil on, which are very common in the streets here, made of lawn, silk, or gauze, and worn instead of a hat or bonnet. The latter is a thing I never have seen in France. Mr. R. observed that the blush of innocence was a better veil. I said, there were few of those known in Paris. He inquired if they had any word in the French lan-

guage expressive of innocence? There is not any other word but innocence, and it is almost without a use here. I said, it was a very painful sensation — I thought it a great advantage to be exempt from it; he was not of this opinion. Mr. J. who had been in the shop, came to the door of the carriage; Mr. R. told him of our conversation, upon which commenced the dissertation. Mr. J. decided not agreeably to my opinion or belief, that we never blushed but from the consciousness of something wrong in what was said or done, that caused the blush. I do not believe it; a person so subject to blush as myself, should be interested in removing every idea of evil from it. When we had finished our business we went to Mr. Jefferson's, where I saw Miss J., a most amiable girl. Mr. J. has not dined out these four or five months, partly from choice. If he could discriminate, he would sometimes favour us with his company. From thence we went to see the abbés, and to take leave of them. I have not seen them since the death of the Abbé de Mably; they were cheerful, but their loss is great. I can truly say, that in coming away from the house, I felt more regret in the prospect of leaving France than I have ever before; they are two such good old men that one feels for them the respect, veneration, and esteem, that we should for a relation, who was thus advanced.

As we came home, we called upon Madame Helvetius, who has been very sick lately. We were admitted, as it was, to take leave. From the dining-room you enter a large saloon, which was furnished in the French style, — a number of chairs, settees, and pictures ; in the centre was a marble table, on which was a set of china, some images, and in the middle, a large circle with earth, a number of lilacs and other flowers, which resembled a little forest, and was very pretty. From this we were shown to the ladies' chamber, which is large and handsomely furnished. Madame Helvetius was sitting upon a settee covered up as a bed, quite at her ease ; her dress was as usual. She was attended by the abbé and her doctor. Her great dog, which Mr. Franklin brought from England, was resting before her, and the lap-dog upon the settee ; upon the table, under a glass, was a monument erected to the memory of her husband, over which hung his picture, which was very handsome. Madame H. appears to have been a very beautiful woman, when young. A French lady compared her to the ruins of Palmyra. After we had passed half an hour we came away, bidding her adieu.

My father went to Versailles to-day, and took his leave of this court. Madame, the Marquise de la Fayette, with her son and daughter, came out to tea. She was obliged to return to Paris at

a certain hour, on account of her son, who has lately a pension. In such a flying visit, no one can expect any degree of sociability, or to form an acquaintance with each other's disposition or manners. When Madame took leave of us, she saluted each, mamma and myself; lately she has taken this liberty, when meeting or parting. It is so much the custom, with the ladies of this country, that I believe they feel rather awkward to meet or part with those to whom it is unknown. The ladies kiss each other, and the gentlemen the same. It seems a curious custom to those who are not used to it, and caused some observation this afternoon.

Friday, May 13th. This morning, his grace the Duke of Dorset called upon my father, with a letter to the custom-house officer at Dover, to permit us to pass unsearched. He has been very polite and friendly in his offers of any assistance that it was in his power to offer, in a public or private character. He informed my father to-day, that mamma and myself must be presented to the Queen. It was a point of etiquette not possible to be dispensed with; this I am very sorry to hear. It is an honour that I would wish to be released from.

Sunday, May 15th. This morning before nine, we were in our carriage on our way to Versailles. To-day is the fête of Penticost, upon which

the knights of the order, Cordon Bleu, make their procession ; and if there are any to be created, they are received upon this fête ; but there were none to-day. Every Sunday is a great day at Versailles ; but upon these fêtes there are more people than usual.

When we arrived, we entered one of the courts before the palace, in front of which was the king's bed-chamber, and from which there was an entrance into the garden, to which we went first. It is large, well arranged, and clean — the most elegant place I have seen since I have been in this country. There are a great number of statues of various kinds ; some in white marble, others in bronze ; but I had not time to view them particularly or generally. There were a number of water-works playing, which are very pretty. There is a piece of water that has the appearance of a small river, but which is all conveyed by pipes from the river Seine. Our time was so short, that we had not an opportunity to take even a general view of this garden, every part of which deserves attention. From hence we went into the gallery, which is open every Sunday for all the world ; and apartments from it to the Chapel. The gallery is long — there is a great deal of looking-glass in it, and painting upon the ceiling, which to my taste is the most improper place in a building to put paintings ; yet there

are few public buildings where there are any paintings, without a number upon the ceiling which in general is arched. The next was an apartment which was so full, there was scarce any possibility of passing through ; there were two other apartments very large and filled with persons, before we arrived at the one where the throne was ; in this I was more disappointed than in any of the others. In the apartment where the throne of the King of France was, the architecture was ancient, and there were several pictures, one of Louis XV, and another of his queen. From this we went through two others before we entered the gallery of the Chapel ; here were a number of guards — no one could enter without their permission. By their having the Cross of St. Louis, I supposed they were noblemen. We had not been apprized of this ceremony, and therefore had no places engaged. It was impossible to obtain a front seat ; it was a great favour we obtained any. The guards were as polite as possible, and granted as much favour as their situations allowed. The knights of the Cordon Bleu all came in, and took their seats on one side of the altar, very elegantly dressed ; the blue ribbons across the shoulder, and over their coats a blue cloak, with a star embroidered on the left side. The lady who goes round to collect the money in a small velvet purse, entered the Church. She was more elegantly

dressed than any other person. After the king had entered, she went round to the knights, and with a courtesey the most graceful, presented her little purse to each. I am sure no one could have refused putting a louis in. The poor might perhaps, with more reason, thank her appearance, than bless the generosity of the donors. But why should I put this construction? I am sure I have no right to. The queen did not appear to-day. There was in the gallery only Madame la Comtesse D'Artois, and Madame Elizabeth, sister to the king. She seemed very attentive to the mass, and paid very little attention to any thing but her book.

We then left the gallery of the Church to go to the king's gallery, where all the knights returned and followed by his majesty and his two brothers.

London, June 1st, 1785. To-day my father went with Lord Carmarthon to the Palace, where he found many gentlemen, known to him before. Lord C. introduced him to his majesty, George III. Papa made his speech when he presented his letter; his majesty was affected and said, "Sir, your words have been so proper, upon this occasion, that I cannot but say I am gratified that you are the man chosen to be the Minister."

June 4th. This is the anniversary of his majesty's birth; consequently there was a Levée at St. James. On this day their majesties speak to every person present. The King speaks first to

the Foreign Ministers. He conversed a quarter of an hour with the Spanish Minister, upon music, of which he said he was passionately fond, particularly of Handel's; he respected the memory of Handel, for he owed to him the greatest happiness of his life, and observed that Handel had said of him when young, "that young man will preserve my music." My father observed that he had never heard any thing like conversation at court before. One of the Ambassadors who had attended at the French court 30 years, said, Monsieur the king's brother, had asked every time he had been to court, which was generally every Tuesday, "have you come from Paris to-day?" and no other question.

September 2d. About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Smith from Clapham, and Miss B. called upon us. Mamma was just dressing, so I had to appear. Miss B. began to question me, as to which country I liked best, France or England? I would not give a preference. "But you undoubtedly prefer England to America?" "I must indeed confess, Miss, that I do not at present." Was it possible! I acknowledged the excellencies of this country. There was more to please and gratify the senses; but I had formed such friendships and attachments in America, as would ever render it dear to me. "But surely, the culture is carried to a much greater degree of perfection here than in

America." "Granted." "And you must," said Miss B. very pertly, "find a great difference between America and this country?" "In what, pray, Miss?" said I. "Why in the general appearance, in the people, their manners, customs, behaviour, and in every thing." "Indeed," said I, "I do not; there is so great a similarity in the manners of the people, in the two countries, that I should take them for one. If any thing, I find a greater degree of politeness and civility in America, than in the people of this country. And the lower class of people in America, are infinitely superior to the lower class of people here." Their astonishment was great—was it possible I could think so! Surely the distressing war had been an impediment to all improvement and education. Dr. Bancroft came in, and passed an hour. After he had gone, we had some conversation upon the pictures below. Papa said they were spoiled; he was not at all content with his own, yet thought it the best that had ever been taken of him. No one had yet caught his character. The ruling principles in his moral character, were candour, probity, and decision. I think he discovered more knowledge of himself than usually falls to the lot of man; for, from my own observation, I think these are characteristic of him; and I add another, which is sensibility. I have never discovered a greater portion of can-

dour in any character. I hope if I inherit any of his virtues it may be this ; it is a necessary attendant through life. In whatever intercourse we have with society, we find it necessary in a greater or less degree ; and in the mind of a woman, I esteem it particularly amiable.

November 3d. We attended the drawing-room for the third time. At two o'clock we went, and were in season. There were most of the Foreign Ministers present, but not their ladies. Although I have seen them all, I do not know many of them.

Their majesties came about three o'clock. There were not many ladies or gentlemen — the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta accompanied their majesties. There were present more handsome women than I had seen before. Lady Stormont is the handsomest woman I have seen in Europe. When she conversed, her air and manner was graceful, dignified, modest, and charming. The king, queen, and prince had a great deal to say to her, particularly the latter ; he talked with most of the Foreign Ministers whom he knew, and is, I think, a handsome man. Of the princesses, I am most pleased with the person, manners, and deportment, of the Princess Royal ; there is dignity, grace, and affability, with a certain degree of steadiness which I like, in her manners.

There are two characters the very opposite to

each other, both pleasing to me; and a woman to be agreeable must possess either one or the other. The sprightliness, vivacity, animation of a French woman, that will inspire every one who sees her with the same spirit, or a sedate thoughtful manner, animated and dignified. Lady Stormont possesses the latter. Although I am pleased for the time with the former, yet I approve most of the last, as it is best calculated to support with dignity and propriety, every situation to which we are subject in human life. Persons sometimes mistake their own characters, and endeavour to appear the one, when the other would best become them. There are an immense number who belong to neither, nor can by their utmost exertions acquire either.

Lady C. and daughter were remarkable, not for their beauty, but for the elegance of their dress. The lady made herself conspicuous, by the extreme anxiety to have her daughter spoken to by the prince; but all her efforts were ineffectual. He stood and conversed an hour next her, with Lady Stormont, but made no effort to speak to Miss C. We returned home at five. The Chevalier de Pinto, the Portuguese Minister, spent an hour or two with my father. I wrote for the latter. I think the Secretary must be out of his senses to remain so long from his duty.

December 11th. We called upon Mrs. Jebb,

where mamma, the Doctor, and Mrs. Jebb, had such a dish of politics as suited all their tastes. The Doctor is very much interested in America, and solicitous for her welfare ; at least he seems so, nay more than seems. Mrs. Jebb is very earnest and equally anxious. I am diverted when she makes inquiries of me, about politics, who never thought, or talked of them in my life ; but she does not find me very intelligent on the subject, consequently she will not have a very high opinion of me, I suppose ; and I do not find that my happiness is in any way dependent upon that.

14th. My father presented Col. H. at court to-day. He seemed to think his majesty, George the Third, much like the rest of the world. Col. H. went to make his visits to all the Foreign Ministers — how much time it is necessary to spend in trifles — yet I do not know why one trifle is not as important as another, and I begin to think our whole lives nothing else. The gentlemen dined at Mr. Paradise's, and afterwards went to the Royal Society. They called upon us about nine, and passed an agreeable hour. I have daily more and more reason to observe the very great importance of early education, and the necessity of forming the first habits with propriety. If this is not attended to, you see a man's whole life stained and spoiled, by habits and customs, which bear some resemblance to vulgarity. Col. H. is one

instance of this. I do not know what his early education was, but from some things that mark his conversation now. I will not draw a comparison between him and his friend, although the advantage would be on the side I wish ; yet as the former has many excellencies, let them cover the foibles, or rather inaccuracies which may appear.

23d June. My father returned from Windsor, highly pleased with his visit, and particularly with Mr. Herschel. The evening being cloudy, there was no star-gazing, or observing the moon, which was the object of the visit. My father represents Mr. Herschel to be a man, whose attention to study does not render him silent or absent, but as a cheerful and intelligent companion ; communicative of his knowledge, and very agreeable. Indeed I have never known him so much gratified by a visit of any kind before.

Many, many are the ups and downs of the spirits. It is said, in a multitude of counsel there is safety ; but I say, that in a variety of opinions there is perplexity.

1787, 20th July. This day, three years ago, we landed on this island from America.

We set our faces towards Plymouth, and lodged at Winchester.

Sunday, 22d. My father went to the Cathedral in the morning. This town was the residence of King Charles, and here are the remains of the

castle built by him. They relate to you a number of anecdotes respecting him.

There was in the twelfth century, a *Sieur de Quincy*, who was created Earl of Winchester, by King John. The history mentions that in the thirteenth century, the family became extinct, and the title was given to Lord de Spencer. *Sieur de Quincy* was one who signed *Magna Charta*. My father supposes the *Quincys* in America to have descended from him, and was solicitous to trace the descent; he may be better acquainted with the importance of it than I am. To me it appears quite a matter of small consequence. We can all trace our descent from Adam, and no one can go beyond him.

26th. We arrived at Axminster; it is the first town in the county of Devonshire. We have come through Surry, Hunt, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire.

Mr. Cranch soon waited upon us, and brought me a most acceptable present, two letters from my absent friend at Madrid.

27th. We concluded to pass this day here, being very well accommodated with apartments. Mr. Cranch engaged to dine with us, and came to attend us to take a view of the manufactories of this place, which are of carpet and tape. We then visited the Church, which is very old; the paintings and monuments were miserable, except

one, of which Mr. Cranch had the direction ; it is to the memory of a lady ; the device represents the dove taking the veil from the urn which contains her ashes. Mr. C. dined with us, and requested we would take tea at his cottage ; he came at six to attend us. He lives in a small, neat cottage ; every thing around him has an air of taste, united with neatness. He has a variety of small prints, the heads of many eminent persons, and the six prints, Hogarth's representation of *la marriage a la mode*. He has also a painting of Sir Walter Raleigh, which is thought an original picture ; it was lately left, by an old gentleman who died, to the British Museum. Mr. C. says he has a great inclination never to deliver it ; he thinks it ought to be preserved sacred in this county, because its original was born here in the parish of Baidley, and that Sir Walter's character stands very high throughout the county of Devonshire. Papa observed that his character did not appear unexceptionable ; he answered that none of his faults were known here ; they believed only in his virtues and excellencies.

We left Axminster at nine in the morning ; Mr. Cranch took a seat in the post-chaise with papa ; mamma rode in the coach. The road continues very mountainous to Honiton, a stage of ten miles from Axminster ; just before you enter the former, there is a valley which is much

admired for its fertility and beauty. The latter part of the road answers Mr. Boylston's description—that the roads were cut or worn down many feet, and the hedges so thick and so high, that one had no prospect of the country around—which is the case. Mr. Cranch bore these inconveniences with but little patience; he pulled down walls, and tore gates up from hinges, bolts and bars, like a Samson.

These persons were all delighted to see us, and the sincerity of their professions are indubitable. Mr. Bowering in particular, expressed his respect for my father; he said he was a man of no ceremony, but he hoped he should not find him deficient in sincerity. He offered us some cherries from his garden, and upon mamma's saying they were the best of the kind she had tasted, he expressed his satisfaction, and said, "if they were golden cherries, she would be welcome to them." It is a great satisfaction to be thus esteemed; and this kind of undisguised respect and sincerity is extremely grateful to the heart.

Exeter. My father has gone this morning with Mr. Bowering, to call on Mr. Twogood, who was formerly the dissenting minister in this place, but is now so old as to be unable to perform the duties of his former station, and has retired. These people are all dissenters; I believe all the dis-

senters in this country, have been in favour of the American cause.

In the neighbourhood of Plymouth, we visited the seat of Lord Edgcomb. Mount Edgcomb is a peninsula formed by a ridge of rocks, which connects it with the town of Stonehouse. The lawn by which one ascends to the house, contains 60 acres ; on each side are large rows of trees, of chestnut and ash. The house stands upon the side of a hill ; it is old, and built upon a very small, contracted scale, and before the family was ennobled. I do not believe, from the appearance of things around, that this event has enlarged their minds. One circumstance had a very singular effect upon mine ; which was, that when we landed we observed a good natured looking man, who I supposed to have been some servant of Lord Edgcomb's, placed there to give directions to those who might visit his seat, until he very civilly accosted us, desiring we would pay our passage, which was two pence each person, and informed us that he payed Lord Edgcomb 400 guineas a year for this situation, and that the perquisites of it amounted to 700, and observed it took a great many two pences to yield this sum. He owns all the boats which are kept on this side. The grounds contain 600 acres, the park 300, which lies wholly uncultivated ; it was stored with the finest deer I have seen ; they

were the forest deer, and much larger than those in Hyde Park.

3d. August. Mr. Cranch, who is very fond of walking, and thinks twenty or thirty miles a day necessary for a sedentary life, and who talks of ten miles as a morning or evening airing, invited us to take a walk round the town, and upon some of the eminences which command extensive prospects.

12th. Bristol. We visited Lord Clifford's grounds; they are bounded on one side by the river Severn, and on the other by the Avon; they form the point of land between these two rivers; in some places they are six or seven miles across. The gardener could not inform us how many acres they contained, but said they produced six or seven thousand a year. This place has more natural beauties than any I have yet seen; it is kept in good order, and possesses the four requisites to render it perfect—lawn, upland, wood, and water. There is a curious hermitage made of the roots of trees, which was designed by the present Lady Clifford. We returned to Bristol much delighted with our visit.

Oxford. In the afternoon we took a guide, and went to see the Colleges. First, the Bodleian Library, and Picture Gallery. The latter is furnished with valuable portraits of the founder and benefactors, and of other eminent men, as also

with cabinets of medals, and cases of books ; about the middle of it stands a noble statue in brass, of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, designed by Rubens. This room is a continuation of the Bodleian Library ; under it are the schools of the several sciences.

The Bodleian, or Public Library, is a part of the above mentioned edifice ; the vestibule, or first gallery, was built by Sir Thomas Bodley, who furnished the whole, with a collection made with great care ; he likewise assigned an estate for the maintenance of a librarian, adding a body of statutes for the regulation of his new institution, by which he justly deserved the name of the founder of the library. He died January 28th, 1612.

We then visited New College, which was founded by William of Wykeham, and finished 1385. In this college in the ante-chapel, there are some fine paintings upon glass, designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and executed by Mr. Jarvis ; it contains seven allegorical figures, representing the four cardinal, and three Christian virtues. Temperance pouring water out of a larger vessel into a smaller ; her common attribute, the bridle, lies at her feet. Fortitude in armour, her head resting on a broken column, her form robust, her look bold and resolute, a lion her attendant. Faith standing fixedly on both feet, and bearing a cross, her eyes and hands raised to heaven. Hope



looking up to the same heaven, and springing so eagerly towards it, that her feet scarce touch the ground ; part of an anchor her emblem.

Justice looking with a steady and piercing eye, through the dark shade that her arm casts over her face, in her left hand she holds the steelyard, her right supports the sword.

Prudence beholding as in a mirror, the actions and manners of others, for the purpose of regulating her own ; on her left arm an arrow joined with a Remora, the respective emblems of swiftness and slowness. Prudence being a medium between both.

The middle group, representing Charity, is worthy of particular notice ; the fondling of the infant, the importunity of the boy, and the placid affection of the girl, together with the decided affection of the mother ; are judiciously marked with that knowledge of character which is conspicuous in the works of the eminent artist who gave the design.

As a basis to the great work, in a space of eighteen feet long and ten wide, is represented the nativity of Christ, a composition of thirteen human figures.

From New College we went to Queen's College, founded by Robert Eglesfel, confessor to Queen Philippa, A. D. 1340. It is confined to the reception of scholars from Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Thursday, 16th. We dined early and went to Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

It is about ten miles from Oxford. The hall is a magnificent apartment, it extends to the height of the house, and is supported by Corinthian pillars. The ceiling was painted by Sir James Thornhill, allegorically representing Victory crowning John Duke of Marlborough, and pointing to the plan of the battle of Blenheim. The library is one hundred and eighty-three feet long; the Doric pilasters of marble, with the complete columns of the same, which support a rich entablature; the window frames of dark mahogany; the surrounding basement of black marble, are in the highest taste and finish. It was originally intended as a gallery for paintings, but the late justly lamented Duke added utility to elegance; having furnished it with the noble collection of books made by Lord Sunderland, his grace's father. Their number is said to amount to 24,000 volumes, which have been allowed to be worth £30,000, and are said to be the best private collection in England; they are kept under gilt wire lattices. At one end of the room is a highly finished statue of Queen Anne, with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF QUEEN ANNE,  
UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES,  
JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,  
CONQUERED;  
AND TO WHOSE MUNIFICENCE, HE AND HIS POSTERITY,  
WITH GRATITUDE,  
OWE THE POSSESSION OF BLENHEIM.

The gardens are spacious, and include a great variety of prospects ; the noble descent on the southwest side ; the vastness and beauty of the water ; the grandeur of the opposite bank ; the cascade, new bridge, and lower piece of water ; form altogether such an assemblage of beautiful objects, as are perhaps no where else to be found. The gardens on the south side seem to lose themselves in the park, amidst a profusion of venerable oaks, and intersected avenues ; from whence they derive an air of confusion and indeterminate extent, which is very pleasing.

These gardens have been enlarged, and were thrown into the form they now wear, by the present Duke of Marlborough ; he has likewise beautified them, by the addition of some judicious ornaments. The gardener has lived on the place twenty-five years, and feels himself entitled to make his own remarks, and offers them, with more wit than modesty.

These heights command a variety of beautiful and extensive prospects of the sea and land. We numbered ninety vessels of all kinds, within one view. But after all, neither Mount Edgcomb nor Plymouth, or any other place that I have seen in Europe, will bear a comparison with Milton Hill ;\* some might call this prejudice, perhaps it is ; our attendant told us that the fortifications were only

\* Near Boston.

for ornament, not strength ; they are built of stone instead of earth.

Our walk yesterday of four miles, and the warmth of the weather, rendered the present excursion rather fatiguing.

London, Nov. 1787. We had a representation of seven states to-day at dinner. Messrs. Hindman and Forrest from Maryland, Mr. Shippen from Pennsylvania, Mr. Brackstone from Virginia, Mr. Edwards from Carolina ; Mr. Trumbull from Connecticut, Colonel Smith from New-York, Mr. Cutting and ourselves from Massachusetts.

We received an account of the result of the Convention, entitled the Constitution, which is recommended by them to the consideration of the states, for their approbation and adoption. My father approves of it in general ; some persons would have preferred a system that would have given us more consequence in the eyes of foreigners. The powers they have given to the President are equal to those of many monarchs.

I do not pretend to be a judge of this subject ; but it appears to me, that we are not yet prepared for such a system. The principles of equality which we yet possess, would not admit of one person's being made so distinguished, as the name alone of a king would have done ; besides, we have no person who possesses sufficient fortune, to render him respectable ; for to me it appears, that in a monarchy, power and riches are important requi-

sites, and the people of our country would never consent to contribute to the elevation of any person to so high a dignity. They choose to preserve the idea, that every one may aspire to the highest offices of the state.

Saturday, 3d. Mr. Jennings dined with us. Every person appears much gratified with our Constitution; and the accounts from America are favourable for its reception and adoption by the states, which give their friends on this side of the water much pleasure. Many persons say here, that they have followed my father's plan, and taken his book for their model. The ill-wishers to America say it is too good for them to adopt.

Notwithstanding a bad cold, I wrapped myself up, and went to the play, to see Mrs. Abington as Belinda, in *All in the Wrong*. The characters were well supported; I think I never saw a part better performed than Lady Restless. Messrs. Shippen, Cutting, and Trumble, were in our box. I confess I am not an admirer of Mrs. Abington; she is much celebrated, but is not to my taste; she is now sixty years old, and no one would suppose her more than three and twenty. She is not to be compared to Miss Farren, whose easy, graceful, affable manner of doing every thing is charming. But Mrs. A. is the fashion, or has been some twenty years past, and still preserves her theatrical fame.

Thursday, 30th. Mamma and myself concluded

to take my son to-morrow morning, and go out fourteen miles to meet his father, but I was most agreeably disappointed at his presenting himself about two o'clock ; finding no inconvenience from moving rapidly, he came on much faster than he had any idea of being able to ; although he had concealed from me his long and tedious illness. But thanks to that Being who sustains, supports, and regulates us through this life, he is again restored to health and to his family. To describe the sensations of the mind upon this occasion were vain ; from the memory they can never be erased.

## LINES,

*Addressed in 1838, to a Portrait of Mrs. SMITH, taken by Copley  
in 1787.*

---

Sweet lady ! one could gaze for aye  
Upon thy likeness ; — purity itself looks out  
From the still depths of those blue eyes  
Where love and gentleness seem mingled into one.  
There is an angel sweetness round thy face,  
Such as we dream of for a fairer world —  
And a smile, too, as innocent and bright  
As Paradise beheld, when Eve first saw  
The golden sunlight and the fresh young flowers.  
Methinks, too, thou wilt speak, and I'd fain hear  
What gentle words those lips would murmur,  
That seem to prison up some tender speech  
To melt the heart when uttered.

All silent —

Ah ! 'tis but the semblance of thyself, fair lady ;  
Thy beauteous form is faded, and thy spirit  
All angelic, now is disenthralled of clay ;  
Yet do thy virtues, purity and love,  
Fresh and undimm'd, like this sweet portrait, live  
In those whose hearts are warm'd with blood from thine,  
Whose souls have caught thy gentleness,  
And from whose eyes beam forth the tender looks  
That freshen life, guide us to good, and sweeten  
Many a bitter cup. Oh ! as they pass thee, may they stop  
And gazing muse — how fade we all, and perish ! —  
Life is a dream : *sweet*, if like thine 'tis past,  
If wasted — *bitter* when we wake at last.

A J. D.

TO MRS. CAROLINE A. DE WINDT.

Washington, 19th March, 1819.

MY DEAR NIECE:

I gave the portrait of my beloved and lamented sister, your dear mother, to mine without reserve, and to be disposed of at her pleasure. And however gratifying it would be to me to be the possessor of it myself, I acknowledge your still stronger claim to it—and were it mine to give away again, would ask your acceptance of it. I have no such power, for it is yours by the donation of her to whom alone it belonged. Yet the truly delicate and affectionate doubt of my ever honoured father, which induced you to make the inquiries in your letter, deserves all my gratitude, and excites in my breast emotions of a soothing, though melancholy pleasure. From the occurrence of this incident, I cherish the hope, that while the picture shall habitually present you the faithful image of her whom it represents, and the blessed memory of her from whom you will have received it, with those deep and tender recollections, will be sometimes congenially mingled the thought of him, among the purest joys of whose life, is the happiness of having been the brother and the son of such unsurpassed excellence upon earth, of your affectionate friend and uncle,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

# MEMOIR

OF

## WILLIAM S. SMITH.

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THE editor is enabled to furnish the following sketch, chiefly collected from a private journal. In 22 battles of the revolutionary war, was the subject of this memoir engaged.

W. S. SMITH graduated in Princeton College, in the year 1774, and returning to the city of New-York, his native place, and the residence of his family, studied the law with Samuel Jones, Esq. until the revolutionary war commenced.

At an early period of the revolutionary war, the depredations committed by the British, upon the estate belonging to the father of Colonel Smith, upon Long-Island, were extensive. His maternal grandfather had been killed in the British service, on board of a man-of-war, and his widow received, until the age of ninety, the period of her death, the half pay of Captain Stephens, her husband.

She remained in the City of New-York, during the whole of the war, visited, by the permission of the British commander, by her daughter Mrs. Smith, who was her only child, and her grandchildren, protected by a flag of truce.

Owing to these circumstances, there existed in the family a divided feeling. And when a sword and a major's commission, with the entire restoration of the property belonging to the family, were offered by the British commander to a young man not twenty years of age, provided he would enter the service of his Britannic Majesty, the mother of Col. Smith warmly advocated his acceptance of terms so advantageous to herself and children, extremely doubtful, as it then was, in what way the struggle for the independence of America would terminate.

A family council was called ; the question proposed, when the son gave his answer in the following words :

“If it is your wish, madam, it shall be done ; but from this hour, all intercourse with me and my family is cut off forever.” His father, who had walked the room during the scene deeply agitated, applaudingly exclaimed, “I knew how my boy would decide.”

He entered the service as a volunteer at an early period, and in the summer of 1776, was appointed aid-de-camp to Major General Sullivan,

with the rank of major, served in that capacity in the battle of Long-Island, and was the only aid-de-camp with the general in that action, in which the whole corps were dispersed, killed, or made prisoners, with very few exceptions. The general fell into the enemy's hands, and Major Smith retired to the lines at Brooklyn, where he remained with General Washington until the retreat from the island, and was one of the last officers who quitted it, coming off with the commander in chief in his barge.

Major Smith continued with General Washington, and retired with him from the city to the heights of Harlem. He brought off the garrison by orders from the commander in chief, on the 15th September, from the fort commanding the passage through Hurl Gate, and opposed to the British batteries on the opposite shore, under a heavy and incessant fire. In the action on the 16th September, on Harlem Heights, he served as aid-de-camp to Major Gen. Green, who commanded the advanced attack on the British, was wounded and fell from his horse on the field of battle at the close of the action, and was brought off the field by Col. Carey, aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, and Lieut. Joseph Webb, of the first Connecticut regiment. He remained under the surgeon's hands at West Chester, until the landing of the British troops at Throgg's Neck

in October, when, with a corporal and six men, he cut away the bridge connecting Throgg's Point with the main, at the town of West Chester, which checked the progress of the British troops, who remained on the peninsula until the morning of the 18th, when re-embarking, they crossed the outlet of East Chester creek, and proceeding to Pell's bridge, brought on a very severe skirmish with the advance corps of Sullivan's army, commanded by Cols. Glover and Sheppard; when the enemy filed to their right, occupying New Rochelle and the adjacent country on the sound. Gen. Sullivan being exchanged, and in command on the heights of East Chester, commanding Pell's Bridge, Major Smith joined him in the action, from New Rochelle, where he was under the care of Dr. Bailey, his wound not well. He proceeded with his general to the action of White Plains, where his division continued under a severe fire nearly two days, covering the removal of the stores on the Plains, to the second position.

While the enemy lay within commanding distance of the village, Major Smith, with a small detachment at night, destroyed all the forage in the village and its vicinity in front, and returned to his post.

The British troops retiring to winter quarters, possessed themselves of Fort Washington on York Island, and Fort Lee on the Jersey shore. Sir

William Howe, throwing the right wing of his army into the Jersey, under command of Lord Cornwallis, Gen. Washington left Generals Lee and Sullivan with his troops, near the White Plains, and joined Gen. Green in front of the British army, but was obliged to submit to the pressure of the British, who, advancing in vigour, forced the commander in chief to place the Delaware between the two armies, as the only barrier he could present, that would afford rest to his troops, harassed by the pressure of superior force, the badness of the roads, and the inclemency of the season.

During this period, Gen. Lee gave Major Smith the charge of a flag of truce, with important despatches to Sir William Howe at New-York. Major Smith proceeded to King's Bridge, the British advanced post, resided several days with the enemy, and returned to Gen. Lee, having transacted the business committed to his charge to his full satisfaction.

In consequence of orders from head quarters, on the western banks of the Delaware, Gen. Lee crossed the Hudson, with an intention to reinforce the main army. During this march Major Smith left Gen. Sullivan's family, and served as aid-de-camp to Gen. Lee, the commanding general. On Lee's capture at Baskenbridge, Smith rejoined Sullivan, and crossing the Delaware, encamped

at Newtown, the head quarters of the American army.

✓ Emboldened by this reinforcement, Washington re-crossed the Delaware on the night of the 25th of December, and surprised the Hessians at Trenton, commanded by Col. Roll. In this memorable action, Major Smith acted so conspicuous a part, entering the town with the advance troops of Sullivan's division, taking possession of the Mill Bridge, and the commanding western branch of the mill stream, and subsequently, personally taking the commanding officer of the Hessians from his horse at the head of his troops, at the moment of surrender, that on the last of January, 1777, Gen. Washington presented Major Smith with a lieutenant-colonelcy, as a mark of his particular consideration.

After returning with the prisoners over the Delaware, General Washington gave Col. Smith the command of a flag of truce to proceed to Princeton, the then advanced post of the enemy in the Jerseys, with despatches and money for Gen. Lee, then a prisoner at New-Brunswick, and to reconnoitre the enemy.

This duty was performed with correctness and despatch. In the meantime the American army re-crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton, where Col. Smith rejoined the troops when returning with his flag. The winter campaign was

re-opened with vigour, and the British were foiled in the Jerseys.

Col. Smith retiring from camp on the recruiting service, appeared in the field again at the head of a well appointed regiment, and joined Gen. Putnam on the eastern banks of the Hudson, at the time Sir Henry Clinton, after reducing forts Clinton and Montgomery, was pressing to Albany to relieve Burgoyne, then on the point of surrendering to Gates. Sir Henry being informed of the Convention of Saratoga, burnt Esopus, distressed the settlers on both banks of the Hudson, and returned to New-York.

Colonel Smith being joined by the regiments of Henly and Jackson, of which as senior officer he took command, proceeded to White Marsh in Pennsylvania, and joined the army commanded by Gen. Washington. On the advance of the British from Philadelphia, threatening the right of the Americans, Col. Smith was posted on the right to defend an abatised bridge and mills. Upon the reconnoitre of the position, the British retired from the right, and presented themselves in front of the centre of the American line. Col. Smith was then called from the right, and ordered to occupy two large stone houses in front of the centre, and between the two armies, to abatis the houses with an adjoining orchard, and defend the post to the last extremity. The orders being exe-

cuted, and the troops posted, a close reconnoitre of position took place on the part of the enemy, a rapid movement from centre to left followed, but the position was not thought assailable, and the British army retired to Philadelphia.

The Americans crossed the Schuylkill, and went into cantonments at Valley Forge. Col. Smith with the regiments of Lee, Henly, and Jackson, went into quarters at Lancaster, and in the spring marching to head quarters, was entrusted by the commander in chief with the command of the advance post at the Gulf Mills, six miles in front; Col. Morgan with his riflemen, and Col. Kee with his legion extending to the right. He here commanded with vigilance and attention, until the evacuation of Philadelphia, when with his corps he entered that city under the orders of General Arnold, crossed the Delaware, and overtook the British troops at Allen Town, hung on their rear with effect to the plains of Monmouth. Here 3000 picked men, under the command of Major General Lee, (he being then exchanged) were detached to attack the British, then in full march. Col. Smith, connected with Butler and Jackson, were ordered to the front, as the advanced corps of Lee's division, commenced the well known action on the plains of Monmouth, and aided in supporting it through the day.

The British pursued their march to Middletown

Point, and proceeded to New-York. The American army took post at the White Plains, and Col. Smith was detached with his regiment to the attack of Newport, in Rhode-Island, under the orders of General Sullivan. After making good their landing on the island, his regiment was the advance corps of the army in approaching Newport, and lay in advance during the whole siege. For the security of the camp, 300 picked men were placed under the command of Col. Smith, and an equal number under Colonels Lawrence and Flue-ry, who were required to lay every night between the lines in such positions as their judgments directed, to check a sortie, or prevent a surprise of the camp. When the siege was raised, Smith's regiment was the covering regiment of the retreat, and distinguished itself in the action on Windmill Hill, supporting the position with vigour from sunrise until ten o'clock, when the corps was relieved by other troops and ordered to retire for refreshment. The action continuing lightly through the day—about 4 P. M. glowed with increased vigour—a Hessian regiment having possessed themselves of a strong wall, Smith's regiment was ordered to advance and dispossess them; this was done with alacrity, and the post sustained through the night.

On the ensuing evening, General Sullivan, being under the necessity of evacuating the island,

selected four regiments to cover the retreat. Col. Smith commanded one of these, the orders being, in case of the enemy's advancing, that the action should be supported with determined vigour. The retreat was successfully conducted, and the troops went into winter quarters at Providence and the adjacent villages. Col. Smith was here detached with 400 men and took charge of the post at Updik's, Newtown, 25 miles in advance, which he supported through the winter.

✓ In the spring, General Sullivan being ordered to take command of the western army, solicited and obtained General Washington's permission, that Col. Smith should accompany him on the expedition. General Hand, who commanded at Wyoming, called on the commanding general for aid, the savages closely besetting the garrison and village. Six strong companies of light infantry accordingly detached under the command of Col. Smith who, traversing the wilderness, arrived to the great joy of the inhabitants and the garrison, and encamping on the right of the fort, restored tranquillity to the settlement.

The savages moving down the country, with an intention to interrupt the passage of the batteaux loaded with provisions and stores, at the Nespack falls, on the Susquehannah, Col. Smith was detached with 500 men to cover the passage, and convey the stores to the fort, the place of deposit. This was performed in five days, the

detachment and batteaux arriving in safety, the savages being totally defeated and their country laid waste, the troops went into cantonment in the vicinity of Morris Town, winter of '79 and '80.

In the year 1777, when a part of the American army were on their march through the Jerseys, the roads being in a bad condition, the camp equipage, and the provision wagons were impeded for a considerable number of hours, which caused the advanced corps to halt ; and the commanding officer, Major General de la Fayette, growing impatient at the delay, called for Col. Smith, one of his aids-de-camp, to demand the cause. The General was very angry when informed that it was owing to the Quarter Master's forward wagon being stuck in the mud, and none in the rear could advance a step, until the provision wagon was dug out.

This excuse so exasperated the General against the Quarter Master, that he rather hastily perhaps, declared that he deserved to be hung. His aid replied, "if you will sign a warrant for that purpose, it shall be instantly executed." The warrant was drawn, but not executed, as the embarrassment in the passage had in the mean time been removed.

On the opening of the next campaign, Col. Smith's regiment was ordered to the front, in conjunction with three others, composing the Jersey

Brigade, and covered the country and towns of Newark and Elizabeth, until General Sterling, at the head of a strong column of British troops, crossing from Staten Island, took up their line of march to Springfield. Col. Smith began the action with this column at sunrise, and, aided by the first Jersey regiment, supported it until three in the afternoon. General Sterling was disabled by the fire of the Pickett, on his first landing, and his army retired on the second night to Elizabeth-town point, and returned to Staten Island. In a short time, however, the enemy re-appeared under the command of General Knyphausen, who pressing as far as the first bridge of Springfield, which was supported by Col. Angel's regiment of Rhode Island. Col. Smith with the second Jersey regiment was stationed at the second bridge, to cover the troops then in action at the first, with orders to support the post, until the army commanded by Greene should have completed its formation on the short hills in rear. This duty was performed with such spirit and brilliancy, that Col. Smith was honoured by the particular thanks of Generals Washington and Greene.

After several ineffectual movements, the enemy again retreated to their islands, and the Americans took post at Hackensack and the English neighbourhood. In this position, a corps of light infantry consisting of three thousand picked men,

was formed into two brigades, under Brigadier Generals Hand and Poor, forming one division, commanded by Major General the Marquis de la Fayette. Col. Smith was appointed adjutant general of this corps, and served with it the ensuing campaign, until the march of Lord Cornwallis into Virginia, and his taking post at York and Gloucester, determined General Washington to march from the Hudson and attack him.

Col. Smith was then called by General Washington from the southern army, and appointed his aid-de-camp, in which capacity he served at the siege of York Town, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. On the surrender of York Town, Col. Smith was the officer by whom Lord Cornwallis and General O'Hara were presented to the commander in chief, and to whom the direction of the interior arrangement was committed. After passing the winter with the General at Philadelphia, he accompanied him to the Hudson, and was appointed to command the advanced post of the army at Dobb's Ferry. The General also appointed him Commissary General of prisoners, and stopped all communication by flag of truce with the enemy, fixing on the post commanded by Col. Smith, as the only channel of communication. This post was supported with dignity. Col. Smith visited the city of New-York, entered into the exchange of prisoners, and

after a residence of three weeks, completing the business to the satisfaction both of General Washington and Sir Guy Carlton, whose civilities and attentions were extensive and pointed, he returned to his post. The ensuing spring opening under the blessings of peace, a meeting was had between General Washington and Sir Guy Carlton, at the post commanded by Colonel Smith, who introduced them to each other. After the interview with the two Generals, Col. Smith was appointed by General Washington, one of the Commissioners to reside near Sir Guy Carlton, superintending the evacuation of the country. At the particular evacuation of New-York, Col. Smith was the acting officer of the day, relieved the British guards, and was the officer to whom the country was officially surrendered.

Peace being restored, among the first appointments of the Government, was that of Col. Smith by the votes of Congress, 36 out of 37 votes in his favour, as Secretary of Legation to the Court of Great Britain.

In 1786, Mrs. Adams writes from London to her sister, Mrs. Cranch, thus :

“Your niece is engaged to a gentleman worthy of her; one, whom you will be proud to take by the hand, and own as a nephew. I cannot pass a higher encomium upon him than to say, that

there is something in his manners, which often reminds me of my dear brother Cranch. With regard to his person, he is tall, slender, and a good figure, a complexion naturally dark, but made still more so by seven years' service in the field, where he reaped laurels more durable than the tincture of a skin.

He appears a gentleman in every thought, word, and action ; domestic in his attachments, fond in his affections, quick as lightning in his feelings, but softened in an instant ; his character is that of a dutiful son, and most affectionate brother. He trod the uncultivated wilds through the Indian country, and commanded a regiment under General Sullivan. As an officer, his character is highly meritorious ; as a citizen, he appears all that a man ought to be, who loves his country, and is willing to devote his talents to the service of it."

" Her voice in counsel, in the fight her sword."

Colonel Smith was married to the daughter of Mr. Adams on the 12th June, 1786, by the Bishop of Saint Asaph.

During his residence abroad, he officially visited the Court of Lisbon, had a public audience with the Queen, and arranged the public business committed to his charge, in a manner highly satisfactory to his government. Upon the change

of the Constitution, and the return of Col. Smith from Europe, General Washington, then President of the United States, appointed him Marshal of the District of New-York; and subsequently Supervisor of the Revenue, which office he after some time resigned, and revisited Europe.

After returning from his European visit, Col. Smith was appointed, when the country was threatened with an expected war, to command the troops of the State of New-York, and being joined by the regiments of Connecticut and New-Jersey, he commanded the brigade stationed at the Scotch plains. Upon the army being disbanded, he was appointed Surveyor and Inspector of the Customs and port of New-York.

After the death of the Baron Steuben, who was the first President of the Cincinnati, Colonel Smith was unanimously elected to fill that office, which he held for many years.

In 1808, he retired to a farm at Lebanon, Madison County, State of New-York, where he interested himself in agricultural pursuits, until 1813, when he was elected member of Congress to represent the 12th and 13th districts of the State of New-York. This situation he continued to fill until the year previous to his death, which took place at Lebanon, on the 10th of June, 1816, at the age of 61.

During his residence at Washington, among

other letters to the editor, he addressed the following.

Washington, June 25th, 1813.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER :

I was made very happy by the receipt of your letter of the 7th. I have enclosed two papers to your uncle ; they contain the proceedings of the last week. I am appointed a member of a committee, to inquire whether any, and if any, what provision ought to be made, for the more effectual protection of the northwestern frontier of the U. S. against the incursions of the savages, and other enemies? I am very apprehensive it is too late to consult on this subject.

The British have landed from 1,500, to 2,000 regular troops, below Norfolk ; and with five sail of the line, and attending frigates, sloops, and schooners, threaten the destruction of that important city. Our great folks here of course are not on a bed of roses.

It is a great blessing to us, my dear, that your unwearied attentions and assiduities have not impaired your health. Heaven will bless you, for these pointed and well-timed exertions ; they excite gratitude in my mind ; my affection and love for you cannot be increasd.

I am your affectionate

Father and Friend,

W. S. SMITH.

Admirable as was his character in every relation of life — faithful as was the discharge of all his duties — in the parental, it was perfection.

#### TESTIMONIAL OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.\*

Lieutenant Col. W. S. Smith, entered the service of the United States at the commencement of the present war. In August, 1776, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Major General Sullivan, with the rank of Major in the Army. On the 1st of January, 1777, he was promoted to be a Lieut. Col. in one of the additional battalions raised by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. After which he had the honour of serving as Inspector and Adjutant General to the Corps of Light Infantry, under the command of Major General, the Marquis de la Fayette, in the campaign 1779 ; and in the month of July, 1781, he was appointed aid-de-camp to the Commander in chief of the American armies ; in all which military stations, he behaved with great fidelity, bravery, and good conduct. During the course of service, Col. Smith has had many opportunities of signalizing himself by his gallantry, intelligence, and professional knowledge, in the several battles, enterprises, and sieges, at which he has been present, particularly in the actions on Long Island, and Harlem Heights, at

\* Extracted from the Diplomatic Correspondence, published by an Act of Congress, 1832. Vol. v. p. 372.

the siege of Newport, in the expedition under the order of Major General Sullivan, against the savages, in the battle of Springfield, where he commanded a regiment, the successful siege of York, in Virginia, where the army of Lord Cornwallis surrendered prisoners of war, and on many other important occasions. In consequence of which, he hath merited my approbation and this testimony of his being a brave and valuable officer.

Given under my hand and seal, at the head quarters of the American army, the twenty-fourth of June, 1782.

G. WASHINGTON.



## LETTERS.

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TO COLONEL W. S. SMITH, PARIS.

London, Grosvenor Square,

August 13, 1785.

DEAR SIR :

Your letter from Harwich, dated August 10, reached us upon the 11th. We were very glad to hear of your arrival there, and continue to follow you with our good wishes.

When you tendered me your services, and asked my commands, I did not know you had any thoughts of returning by the way of Paris ; otherwise I should have charged you with a few. I now write by Mr. Short, requesting your care of an article or two which Mr. Jefferson will be so good as to procure for me.

Nothing new in the political world has taken place since you left us, but a fresh report by way of Minorca, that the Algerines had, upon the 13th of July, declared war against America. This I

suppose is circulated now, in order to raise the insurance upon the few American vessels ready to sail. The report says that twelve of their ships are ordered to cruise in the Mediteranean for ours; but it will probably be so long before this letter will reach you, that what is news now, will not be so then.

I have taken the liberty, sir, of requesting Mr. Jefferson to introduce you to two gentlemen and ladies; the first of the gentlemen is much esteemed in the world, for his patronage of the sciences, and for his knowledge and skill in music and poetry; and the other for his notable exploits and heroism. One of the ladies is of a very ancient and noble family; she is eminent for her wisdom, and exceedingly fond of all those in whom she discovers a genius, and a taste for knowledge; the other is a single lady, remarkable for her delicacy and modesty. As there is some talk of their coming to London, they may possibly accompany you here. There will be no difficulty on account of the language, as they speak one as perfectly as they do the other.

I had some idea of mentioning a young gentleman of my acquaintance, whose manners are very insinuating, but as he does not always conduct himself with the prudence I could wish, and is very fond of becoming intimate, his company sometimes proves dangerous; but Mr. Jefferson,

who knows them all, I presume, will use his judgment, and upon that you may safely rely.

I hope you will not travel so rapidly as to omit your journal, for I promise myself much entertainment from it upon your return. I presume that the family would join me in their regards to you, if they knew that I was writing ; you will, from the knowledge you have of them, believe them your well wishers and friends, as well as your humble servant,

A. ADAMS.

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TO COLONEL SMITH, MADRID.

London, May, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR :

I have written you only a few lines since your absence ; and those conveyed to you rather an unpleasing account, but you will find my letter attended with so many others of a different complexion, that I hope it will not give you a moment's uneasiness. Mrs. Smith is now very well, and sitting here at the table, making herself a mourning bonnet, for the Princess Carolina Wilhelmina, whom neither she or I care a farthing for. What a farce this court-mourning is ; and indeed most other European mournings out of the numerous tribe who wear the garb, how few sorrowful hearts does it cover.

Mrs. Smith has given you the history of the bills, drawn by a certain house, which have been noted for non-payment, and the consequent flight of a gentleman and family to America. The amount of bills noted, Mr. Parker tells me, is a hundred thousand pounds; seventy-five thousand guilders for the payment of the June interest is a part. When this took place Mr. A. wrote to his friends, requesting their advice what step could be taken. In reply, they informed him that, in consequence of delaying only two days, the advertising the payment of the June interest, the obligations had fallen two per cent., and would continue to depreciate, unless a new loan was opened. That money there was scarce, and could not be obtained at less than eight per cent.; that they had called the brokers together, stated the matter to them, and that his presence was necessary immediately to save the honour and credit of the United States, as they must advance on their own account, until he could attend to sign the obligations. No time was to be lost, and at two day's notice the journey commenced. Mr. Cutting has gone as companion and secretary. On the 25th they sat out; I have not yet heard of their arrival. This is a sad stroke, but there is less commotion here in consequence of it than could have been expected. The general idea is that the house will stand it, but I fear the contrary; and what

Congress will say to the step taken I know not ; yet what else could be done ? Mr. B. has drawn a bill for three hundred and fifty pounds since you left us, or rather I believe it has been accepted since you left us. Mr. A. must protest any farther drafts, should they come. Nothing certainly can be done for him with regard to his private affairs, how muchsoever we may feel for his situation. I shall forward your letter last night received, by this day's post, as well as one received from Mr. Swanwich upon the same subject. So here we go up, and there we go down, as I sing to your boy every day, who grows so fat we can scarcely toss him.

As to news here, I know of nothing worth communicating, except a bill which has passed, making four free ports in the West Indies ; Kingston in Jamaica, St. George in Grenada, Mosea in Dominica, and Nassau in New Providence. I have not seen the bill, so cannot say whether America is the most unfavoured nation in it. I dare say they will find a way of being benefited by it.

All is love and harmony here. The Royal Father and Son, are perfectly reconciled—the one to give, and the other to receive. The household is again established, the jeweller in a hopeful way of receiving his thirty thousand debt, the confectioneer his seven, and even the spur maker his hundreds.

Mr. Hartley has just made me a morning visit. He has had a return of his disorder, though not so bad as before. He is going to write to you, therefore it is needless to say more about him, for if his pen is half as prolific as his tongue, he will not need an assistant.

We are to have a large party to dine with us to-day, invited previous to Mr. A.'s excursion; I have engaged Mr. Shippen as an assistant. Of the number is Sir George Stanton and Mr. Hollis. I cannot tell how much we miss you; in short if it was not for the boy, it would be *dummy* all.

We begin to dine abroad again, and I hope to prevail with Mrs. Smith to go into the country for a little excursion, when Sir returns; but she is rather averse to the idea, and says without she had some one to go and see, she cannot find a pleasure in it.

Remember me to Mr. Harrison when you meet. I have a most sincere esteem for him, and frequently drink his health in the good wine which he procured for us. If any vessel should be bound for Boston, request the favour of him to ship two such casks of wine for that port, as he imported here for us, addressed to Isaac Smith, merchant, Boston, and draw his bill here for the payment of it. The sooner he does it the more agreeable to us.

It is scarcely worth while to say a word about

return, till at least you reach the place for which you sat out. So I waive that subject, only observing that the sooner it is, the more agreeable it will be to your affectionate friend, A. A.

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## I.

York House, Dover, April 26th, 1787.

I dare say, my friend, when you receive this, you will think I have moved with great rapidity.

There have but two things occurred on the road which are worth mentioning; the one is my having met Mr. Rucker; we stopped, jumped out of our carriages, I into the dust, and he out of it; he had a great coat on, and his beard he brought from Paris with him; I wonder how it passed the custom-house officers at this place, for they are as sharp as need be. As to the other, it happened between this and Canterbury; but I must insist in the first place that you do not receive it as a Canterbury story. Well, silence gives, or at least in this instance must pass for, consent, which being granted, I proceed to this ignus fatuus, or Jack-o-lanthorn story.

Curioni was perched, bolt upright, in front of the postillions, who were lashing their nags and clattering away, as if ten thousand musketoes were after them, when behold, we found ourselves upon an extended plain, and the sable curtains of

the night falling apace : what was to be done in this case ? Some would attempt an answer here, but I, like Will-o-the-Wisp, am above this, and proceed to tell you what I did — I took out my little tin case, and with a match lighted the lamps. The horses stopped, Curioni rose perpendicular and cried : “ Sir, I begged them not to be alarmed, but the one to set down, and the other to drive on, that no one would hurt them.” “ Oh,” said the postillion, “ what’s this ?” “ Phosphor,” said I; crack went the whip, and they moved with such rapidity, it struck me they were anxious to arrive at some inhabited place, and wished themselves safe home again. I must not practise this in Spain or Portugal, or I may be detained.

Yours,

W. S. S.

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II.

Calais, 27th April.

I wrote you, my dear friend, the last evening from Dover, and I have now the pleasure of informing you, that in twenty-four hours after I left Grosvenor Square, I entered this harbour in a French long-boat ; it being low water, the packet could not enter. You have passed here, and doubtless must have observed the different lines of character on the opposite shores ; they are legible ; but, as Burke says, “ it is difficult for those who run,

to read them;" therefore I shall not attempt to delineate them, lest I should expose myself to the observations of a lady, who I think is disposed to make some observations on life and manners as she passes; and who having passed the same scenes, is fully competent to make every just and judicious comment. Can you turn to your journal, and let me know what is noted on this subject?

A knock at the door—enters a monk. Will you take a chair, monk? "I am much obliged, sir, you are very polite; I take the liberty of waiting on you, sir, to wish you a good voyage and beg your attention to our convent." By all means, sir, I am happy in having it in my power to contribute my mite to the funds of so great, so good, and so benevolent an establishment — *tenez, Monsieur.*

Monk. "I am much obliged, the prayers of the convent will attend you, sir, on your route, and they will entreat le bon Dieu, that success may attend your pursuits:" adieu, Monsieur. I spoke French immediately on my landing, and have been stammering at it ever since.

The monk has spoiled my letter; Curioni has not yet arrived, and it rains too hard for me to go out to look after him or the vessel: they will not be here one moment sooner for my getting wet and satisfying my curiosity. Patience is a virtue, and I will nourish it.

Yours,

W. S. S.

## III.

Roye, in Picardy, April 27th, 1787.

On Friday evening, I wrote you from Calais, No. 2, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the indisposition which crossing a rough water generally occasions; and having taken the route to Paris by the way of St. Omar's, I now write from the town of Roye, in Picardy, about twenty miles southeast, or further inland than Amiens; and I cannot recollect any other circumstance than a prospect of meeting you, my dear, on the route, that could induce me ever to travel the lower road again. If you permit your imagination to draw the most pointed contrast possible, touching the two extremes of charming and disagreeable, and connect the former with the route I am on, and allotting to and closely connecting the latter with the journey through Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens, &c., you may form some idea of the difference. As for myself, I do not recollect ever passing a more agreeable country, as to the general face of it; and it is under as high cultivation as the present genius of the government will admit; you traverse it on *très beaux chemins*, on either side of which the eye is gratified with fields — *fertile en bles and abondant en pâturages, en lin, en houblon* in their proper seasons. I lodged at Arras last night; it is the capital of the province of Artois in

the French Netherlands, and remarkable for its fine tapestry. On this day's journey, by the way side I shot, and am now possessed of, four fine partridges and a pigeon, on which I propose to dine at Paris to-morrow. But in addition to these agreeable mixtures of a little sport with rapid movements, I passed through the noted town of Peronne, in Picardy, situated on the river Somme. It is remarkable for being the place where Louis the XI of France, had an interview with Charles Duke of Burgundy, and though of a suspicious, wary, and remarkably cautious temper, he in this case committed his person and his crown; and Charles after keeping him confined in the castle for three days in doubt what course to pursue, released him on certain humiliating conditions. Whether it would have been happier for this kingdom, that Charles should have taken such an advantage of the situation of Louis as to have deprived him of the crown, I will not take upon me to decide. It is however clear that he overturned the power of the Barons, and brought the interests of the kingdom nearly to a point. But every art of his reign was marked either with real or intended perfidy. The traits in his character which come under the column of virtue, are only those of "policy and artifice;" and his vices being those of the "disposition and of the heart," form a long catalogue, unnecessary to be forwarded to *Eng-*

*land.* I gazed on the tower which held him, with a pensive mind, and then moved to the gate where the famous Count de St. Pol was delivered up to Louis, by order of the Duke of Burgundy, and carried to Paris and beheaded. These affairs took place in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and are interesting as forming links in the great chain of the History of those days, and give an additional pleasure in traversing these kingdoms, to those who have looked back into history, and who are disposed to contemplate the past and the present, and look to the future with the pleasing prospect of improvement. It is rendered very evident that the general situation of man is rendered better. Society has greatly improved, and individuals are sheltered from private and personal injury, by the establishment of just and equitable laws. These points did not operate on this theatre at the periods mentioned; and the reign of Louis the XI, was more strongly marked with oppression, private murder, public execution, and general injustice, than that of almost any other prince whom history mentions. But why do I run wild after the vices of antiquity; or why have I painted them to you? Perhaps it arises from my being on the spot where these things were transacted.

Yours,

W. S. S.

## IV.

Paris, April 28th.

I wrote you last night from Roye, and agreeable to my intention then expressed, I dined at this place. Having before I left London informed Mr. Short of my intention of putting up while here, either with him or very near him, I ordered the postillion from St. Dennis, to the Hotel de L'Amerique. I found a very polite note from Short, excusing his absence, and begging me to rely on the politeness of Pettit until his return, which will be in the morning. I alighted and found everything arranged for my accommodation.

Having killed eleven partridges, I made quite a figure as a sportsman on my entrance. On my arrival at the several posts, I got out, left Curio to change the horses, and taking my large pistols, advanced on the road, and twice or three times had killed a brace, before the carriage overtook me.

This night I suppose the gentlemen have returned from Portsmouth.

After I have seen Madame de la Fayette, the Marquis, and the Count Sarsefield, perhaps I shall be able to give you some Parisian news; but now I have seen no one, and am alone in the house; Curio has gone to see his friends in the city, and Pettit has made his bow for the night. It is time for me to close this fourth article. Yours,

W. S. S.

## v.

Paris, May 5th, 7 o'clock, P. M.

In the first place I dined with our friend the Marquis, the day after my arrival ; and he expressed a great anxiety, nay insisted upon my seeing him at Versailles on Wednesday. I did so ; and finding a great deal of interesting matter on the carpet relative to my country, was induced to stay, until this day, which I have spent with him. Our dinner was so perfectly to my taste, that I must give you a small sketch of it.

There were only us two ; the table was laid with great neatness. By the side of each was fixed, (I'll call it) a dumb waiter. On which was placed half a dozen clean plates, knives and forks, and a small bell in the one near the Marquis, and the servants retired. The first course being over, he rung the bell and it was removed for the second. Thus we spent an hour and a half with great ease and friendship ; not incommoding the servants, nor being subject to their inspection. Indeed the arrangement was charming ; and being so, I know my friend will recollect it hereafter. Exclusive of the disagreeable circumstance of having servants hearing the conversation, I feel some pain always while at dinner, or rather I feel myself hurried — and that my inferiors in that situation, may be as soon relieved

as possible. I endeavour to expedite the affair that they may be dismissed, and every day when they attend I experience the same feeling. Now I am travelling I act myself on this subject; I get my dinner in peace, and Curio is attended by the domestics; he is welcome, and perhaps is pleased with it. For myself, I shall always nourish a disposition to treat my equals with friendship and civility, and those whose stations in life are superior to mine, exactly as their conduct towards me merits, or their virtues demand; but to those whom fortune has placed in the inferior grade, I will, in as few instances as possible, make them sensible of their inferiority, or take advantage of my station; but enough of this. You will, my dear, communicate to your papa, that the non-payment of the interest of the debt due from America to France, has produced a disagreeable sensation; but that in the report of the committee at Versailles, on Wednesday last, on the resources and expectations of the kingdom, that point was touched with the greatest delicacy possible; they nourish a disposition to confide in the justice of our country, but they could not register that debt in the column of certain revenue; this is disagreeable. I find also, an arret published relative to their West India trade, which in the article of salt fish, puts us upon a worse footing there, than we have hitherto been; it was published in February last, and it

is expected by our friends here, will in some degree interfere with that lucrative branch of eastern commerce. I also, to my great surprise, find that Monsieur De Calenne's letter of the 22d of October last, to Mr. Jefferson, on the subject of the American trade, is not yet passed the Council, and of course those who sail from our country, in expectation of its produce being received here agreeably to the statement of that letter, will be disappointed; some already have experienced the inconvenience of its not having passed. This, if not speedily remedied, will produce a disagreeable sensation. Monsieur Evorqueux the comptroller general, retired from office yesterday morning, and it is expected Monsieur de Villedeuël, late intendant of Rouën, will be appointed. He is said to be an honest, sensible man, a friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; who in conjunction with the Archbishop of Toulouse, President of the Council of Finance, and Minister of State, are expected to act upon every American question, on a more enlarged system than has hitherto been; and the latter said yesterday, that the first moment the Council could find time to take up the subject, it (*viz.* Mr. de Calenne's letter,) should be registered, and those who had been under the necessity of paying duties on articles there enumerated, should have their money returned, &c. &c. In short, from the changes which have taken place in the cabinet of this court, America has better prospects in the

line of commerce and friendship than heretofore. The Archbishop of Toulouse is virtuous, humane, and enlightened. Monsieur de Villedeuël is confided in by him; Monsieur Montmorin is well disposed towards America, and they all respect and esteem Lafayette, who stands in a most enviable point of view in the national mind; so that though the letter referred to has not had the effect intended relative to the alteration of duties in the ports frequented by Americans, there is every reason to expect it will take place in a few days; and there does not seem to be a doubt but Honfleur will be also made a free port; it is situated at the mouth of the River Seine, opposite to *Havre de Grace*. I hope my friend will not be tired with this political detail, and that she will be pleased to inform her papa, that I think information of this kind, contained in a letter addressed to you, will pass better guarded from curiosity and inspection, than if addressed to His Excellency, &c. The Marquis tells me he had wrote a long letter, containing a statement of an ambitious project, and that he requested you to reserve it until my return, should I be absent when it arrived. I have given him assurances of its being sacred. I have been once to the theatre to see the famous tigers. There has an astonishing change taken place in the theatres of France; the two last times I was here, I was pleased with the display of female beauty; but upon my word, I have not seen a handsome

woman since I have been in the kingdom. Perhaps I shall see some in Spain or Portugal — no, there they wear veils. Adieu. Yours,

W. S. S.

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VI.

Blois, Thursday evening, May 10th or 11th.

MY DEAR AMELIA :

I am well, and wrote No. 5 from Paris on the 6th inst.—since which I have been silent. The place I now write from is situated on the Loire, and I think in the Province of Orleans. I put up a little before seven, that I might inform my Amelia of my progress, and have an opportunity of viewing this town, so renowned in history. But before I say anything of it, I must observe, that in this day's journey I have been vastly delighted with the general face of the country, and having lodged at Tours last night, I passed through the noted city of Orleans this morning. It is beautifully situated on the Loire, over which a very magnificent bridge is cast, presenting nine lively, extensive arches. It strikes me as a well-built and well-arranged town, considering its antiquity ; but I find other travellers have received other impressions, and have painted it in other colours. In its main street is erected the famous monument of Charles the Seventh, and the Maid of Orleans ; whose history I suppose you are in some degree acquainted with. She made her ap-

pearance in the year 1429, while the city was besieged by the English, and while Charles was on the point of giving up all hopes of being able to raise it, and meditated a disgraceful retreat; this village girl roused the desponding spirits of her countrymen, seized the Royal standard, and led the troops on to conquer; and by actions as brilliant as any which history records of the greatest veterans, established the crown on the brow of her sovereign, which before her appearance was tottering to its fall. She first showed herself under the title of Joan of Arc, and after the action referred to, was known by the name of the Maid of Orleans. The famous circumstance took place on the present month, which, with a little aid of imagination, I improved, run through the various scenes, and casting several animated glances over the fields and round the works, I felt as if—but you wish those feelings not to be encouraged, so we'll let them pass undescribed—but when you consider the reverence I have for great and glorious actions, actions capable of producing happiness to thousands, and protecting the injured and oppressed, you may possibly form some idea of my feelings, when I tread the ground where heroes for ages past, have fought and bled. But I must beg you will not let your imagination run too far on this subject, lest by the time I get into Spain, you may fancy that I am mounted on Rosinante, pacing after adventures. The idea

has induced me to rise and consult the glass. It is so. I am in reality, (and before I have reached the Don's Theatre) become the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, and I am here—I have reason. I took a solitary walk before night, to an old and decayed castle, over-grown with moss, and labouring with a solemn gloom, as if the very battlements themselves were conscious of the scenes which have been transacted within its walls. In this place the Duke of Guise fell a victim to the vengeance of Henry the Third, and the Cardinal, his brother, shared the same fate. Isabella of Baria, and Mary of Medicis, two queens, were here imprisoned. Valenica of Milan, Anne of Bretagne, and her daughter Claude, and the famous Catharine of Medicis, finished their days within these walls. On the other hand, Louis the Twelfth, a great and good prince was born here, and the nuptials of Margaret of Valois, sister to Francis the First and Margaret the Second, wife to Henry the Fourth, were also solemnized. I walked through the several apartments alone until near dark. It is magnificent in ruins, and may be considered as a column, capable of presenting to the mind interesting pictures of the transactions of three or four hundred years back, provided that mind is disposed to retrospect and contemplate. There are tales related about transactions in this castle which would chill your young blood, and answer no end for me to relate, for I am a professed

enemy to sorrow and sadness. I find the face of Nature on the banks of this river smiles ; the whole country has signs of wealth and plenty — but the inhabitants in general, do not appear as if they enjoyed the fruits of it. I look with an eye of superior compassion on the lower classes, and particularly the females in that grade. They seem to bear the heat and burthen of the day, assisted by some old man ; the young ones who are good for any thing, are king's men, and wear his livery. I could enter deeply into the chapter of lamentations if I dare, but I must have room to beg you will present me respectfully to Sir and to mamma.

W. S. S.

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VII.

Bordeaux, May 14th, Monday, 1787.

MY FRIEND :

I wrote No. 6 from the famous city of Blois, in the county of Orleans, on Thursday night last, the 11th inst., and gave you a very lame account of it and its history — but that you cannot help — since which I have passed, and it is needless to say rapidly, through the counties of Touraine, Poitou, Angoumois, and with a whizzing kind of a humming brain, find myself comfortably seated in the Hotel of the Grand Emperor, in the famous city of Bordeaux, on the River Garonne, which falls into the Bay of Biscay, and is called the Capital of Bourdelois, Guienne, and Gascony. It

carries on an extensive trade, chiefly in wines, and the river is now well filled with ships, and I have sent Curio to find out whether there are any from America ; if there are, what are the names of the captains, where they are bound to, and when they sail, &c. &c. I do not recollect that I have given my friend an account of the mode in which I get along. I get a cup, or two, or three, or four, of tea, at or about six, every morning before I start, and after I am shaved and combed, for I find I cannot, even when alone and in a country where I am not known from Adam — \*without the *s* — *alias* the husband of Eve — get over this trick of doing myself up before I take my tea. Finding myself now wound up, that is to say, ready to go, I get into this gig, (a neater never run the roads of France) and continue going as if you, my dear, was to be found at the end of the day's journey, until night drops her curtain, which is about 8, P. M. The last stage, Curio takes a horse, and arriving about an half hour before me, I find a chamber well arranged, and the table laid for dinner, which being served and eat, bed dressed and warmed, I generally get asleep by ten, and up again at five, go the same career. I find I can thus without the least difficulty, take as much rest as I want, and travel from 80 to 100 miles a day. Indeed I have thus far passed on lightly, and have not encountered one disagreeable circumstance, nor been put once out of humour ; in short, I am

more and more convinced, that nineteen twentieths of the disagreeables and inconveniences of life arise from the powers of the imagination, which, agreeably to Mr. Jennings, always stand ready in the absence of real misfortune, to plague and torment the man, (and I suppose the lady too) who will permit himself to be made the dupe of it.

You mention the arrival of Messrs. Norris and Fox, and the receipt of the Marquis' letter. I think I am before you on the subject of a proper confidence, as one of my letters from Paris will show you. Well, there is a satisfaction in generosity which none but the generous know.

I had got thus far by seven o'clock, when Mr. French came to pay his respects. He seemed disposed to be easy and pleasant; it put me in good humour, and as I had been most scrupulously silent for six days, I gave a loose to my tongue, and was so *very agreeable* that the little gentleman, at a half past ten, attempted to apologize for the length of his visit, but said he scarcely knew how to go. Well thinks I this is too barefaced, to set three hours and a half on the first visit, and then go with reluctance, it's a polite thing enough. I am to be with him to-morrow, at the time the post arrives to receive another letter, but it will not be answered with this, for it leaves me in the morning.

Sweet is the lovely blush of orient morn, and

the smooth surface of the blue serene in ocean's mirror — sweet the fragrant earth arrayed in vernal bloom, pleasant the stream rolling its grateful tide after soft showers, and other visions the gay mind could dream; but neither orient morn “when she ascends with charm of earliest dawn,” nor blue serene on the unruffled forehead of the deep, nor vernal earth, nor river's swelling pride, nor all those visions the gay mind could dream, so sweetly ravish the delighted eye, or bathe the soul in bliss so exquisite, as the far-beaming light from infant heir to the fond parent, whose yearning heart, full many a day has pined in deep despair. Oh how I long to amuse the boy, and clasp his tender mother to my bosom; to see him smile, and find her deeply interested in the scene, has charms for me beyond the power of language to describe. Remember me to papa and mamma; kiss Steuben for me, and believe me your affectionate friend and lover,

W. S. S.

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VIII.

Bordeaux,

May 19th, 1787, 7 o'clock, evening.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

I wrote No. 7 from this on the 14th and 15th, since which I have been engaged in examining

the ancient curiosities of the place, and paying some attention to modern improvements. With that I was done yesterday, and Curio having got every thing ready for moving, I should have set off this morning agreeably to my intentions when I left Paris, but having received a letter from Old Harrison, that Mr. Carmichael had forwarded by the post a royal passport, and some letters of introduction to his friends on the route to Madrid, I have thought best to wait the arrival of the post, as those papers may possibly be of some service on the road. But another, and not less powerful reason, reconciled me to the delay — and that is, that it is probable I shall have the pleasure of receiving No. 2 from my Amelia. The receipt of No. 1 being fully answered, I shall not say any more on that, and shall take the opportunity of the necessary halt which must be made at Bayonne, for the purpose of getting mules and Spanish money, to inform my friend of my arrival, after which perhaps it may not be in my power to forward another until my arrival at Madrid; but of this I cannot be certain. No. 7 was filled up I do not now know how, but I believe it took two sheets, and I have no copy, but as far as my recollection serves me, it did not touch upon my route from Orleans or any thing like it.

It is not necessary to trouble you with a list of the towns or villages I passed through. I shall content myself with observing that after passing

through the city of Orleans, we bid adieu to the paved roads; this was a very agreeable circumstance to me, and particularly so to Curio, whose seat on the front wheels became more easy than before. This route is most delightful; it continues close to the Loire for the greatest part of two day's journey, and runs the same course to Nantes. But taking the route to Bordeaux, you cross at Tours a very beautiful bridge, and passing through the town by a very handsome street lately built, you continue in the province of Touraine, pleased with the fineness of the country and the apparent industry of the inhabitants; but this gradually lessens as you leave this delightful stream. The night after I wrote you from Blois, I put up at Ingrande, an ancient town on the point of being modernized. It is situated on the river Greuse, and the first town after you enter the province of Poitou. You will observe here that there is a town of the same name, through which the line which divides Bretagne from Anjou runs, but you must not suppose that I got there, or that I am easily turned from the path which I *ought* to keep. Supposing that you will not complain of my haste, I shall conduct you to the upper part of the same stream, which, extending its arms, forms a point on which the capital of the province stands, and bears the name of Poitiers. It was from this town that the battle took its name which was fought between Edward of England, com-

monly called the Black Prince, and John, King of France. It was in the year 1356; the French king, and his son Philip were both taken prisoners, and the slaughter of the French was said to be immense. It was the father of this daring youth, who having ascended the throne of England in 1327, assumed the title of King of France in 1340, quartered the arms of France with his own, and added that motto which they still retain, viz. *Dieu et mon droit*.

In this reign, (that is in the reign of Edward III,) the Prince of Wales had the title of Duke given to him, and ever since that period, the eldest son of the King of England is, by birth, Duke of Cornwall; and it is from this circumstance that I never could reconcile the present embarrassment of the Prince of Wales, for the revenues of Cornwall are estimated low at thirty or forty thousand a year. At his birth, the revenues of the dukedom, (from this circumstance,) became his property; and during his minority, I suppose the annual produce to have been received, and that they ought to have been reserved and accumulated for him, unless Edward should have stipulated that during the minority of the Duke, his father, as King of England, should enjoy the revenue, and that this circumstance was tacked to the inheritance. But from those which are the foundation of this liberality, on the part of the third Edward, I do not think it probable any such stipulations

were made. But flattering myself that you will be able to give me some account of this matter when I return, with your leave I will drop the subject.

I ask your pardon, I will never, (I think) put it in your power, my friend, to say I am backward in doing justice to the sex, as I am upon a rapid journey. Rapid when I do move, but sometimes stationary out of curiosity, for the purpose of making arrangements for a further progress, or kept in check by the *misfortunes of others*.

We will now, in the service of the fair—a service under the banners of honour and virtue, which I reverence superlatively—skip over a trifling period of a little better than two centuries, and say a few words in panegyric of Diana of Poitiers, Dutchess of Valentinois. She shone like a star of the first magnitude during the reign of Henry II of France, in the year 1547. She may be said to have divided the crown with her lover and extended her personal and political influence to heights unexampled. She is said to have been the directing principle of Henry's councils, the object of his tenderest attachment, and unlimited homage. Historians acknowledge her charms to have been of the most captivating kind, and worthy of a monarch's love. Henry could not boast of the capacity or discernment of his predecessor Francis I; he was naturally tractable and complying, and, of course, subject to the guidance

of others ; and under the influence of this lady, he was impelled to actions of vigour and firmness. In short, this, and almost every other circumstance fully proves to me of what importance a lady may make herself, and how far she is capable of moulding the character, and gently directing the man who loves her, if she chooses to make use of her power by a winning softness, and by nourishing every disposition to please. There is no saying what can bound her power, or interfere with her pursuits. I must acknowledge myself a friend to their administration, excepting only when their power is founded on vicious principles, and runs a career inconsistent with the principles of strict virtue and morality. This, Diana could not boast of, and therefore, agreeable to the present improved plans of social life, Henry lessens in estimation, and bears a blot on his escutcheon, which I cannot drive from my view when taking a retrospect of his reign and character. For though as a father he was affectionate, and as a friend warm and animated, still as a husband he can only be said to have been decent and polite. Previous to the death of Francis I, and during the reign of Henry, Diana of Poitiers retained her power, and displayed it in proportion to the extension of that of the king's. But on the accession of Francis II, the celebrated Catherine of Medicis, whom I have mentioned in a former letter, and was the wife of Henry, rendered it necessary for Diana to

retire, and end that life in a degree of obscurity, which had been passed in unexampled splendour. But Catherine did not lessen the dignity of her character by too great a severity. On the contrary, Diana acknowledged the politeness of the queen, and left her free to direct the councils of the young king, who was placed on the throne at sixteen years of age.

He run a confused career, and very short, scarcely having time to discover any striking lines of character.

Voltaire says he was equally ignorant of virtue as of vice. But why should I plague my Amelia with such a detail ; I only intended to have filled this sheet when I began, but I know not how to leave her ; if they afford her a little amusement in the perusal I shall be pleased. I find myself never better entertained than when I am writing to her, and therefore I must beg she will indulge me a little, and permit me to take only one half sheet more. It will lead her through the remaining part of the province of Poitou, still depreciating in soil and agriculture, and enable her to trace the path of her friend for that day, (on the map,) and find him at dinner at 10 o'clock at night, in the city of Angouleme, the capital of Angoumois. This province gave birth to the far-famed Count d'Angouleme, afterwards the noted Francis I, who I have before mentioned. He is said to have been eloquent in the cabinet, and courageous in the

field. He was great in arts and in arms — and your papa will with pleasure give you the outlines of his character, as it is drawn by his favourite author Guichiardini ; the portrait is flattering, and by giving a line it may be easily found. “ *Delle virtù, della magnanimitè dells ingegno, et spirito generoso di costui, s’haveva universalmente tanta sperranza, &c.* ”

The roads continue the same, and the country grows worse, until you enter the generality of Bordeaux. I passed the line with glowing wheels, and having crossed the river Dordogne which joins the Garonne at Bourg, put up for the night at the hotel of Count D’Artois, in the village of le Carbon Blanc, one post and a half from Bordeaux. The night overtook me here, and finding the ferry at the last river not pleasant, I thought it most prudent not to attempt the passage of the other without daylight. I found the inn, that is, the room where I lodged, neat — and I agree with you that in travelling through France, you are much better accommodated with beds than in any part of England through which I have passed. I indulged myself a little in the morning, and arrived at Bordeaux at 11 o’clock, and shall bid adieu to it to-morrow.

I leave Mr. Barclay behind ; he had been here near a fortnight before I arrived, having left Madrid in December last. By my letter to your

papa which accompanies this, you will find how his affairs stand.

Heaven bless and protect you my dear.

Adieu. Yours sincerely,

W. S. S.

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IX.

Bayonne, Sunday Night, 11 o'clock,  
May 20th, 1787.

I wrote my friend yesterday from Bordeaux ; I am now half way to Bayonne, and propose being there to-morrow night. I have passed this day through the worst country I ever saw. I have bid adieu to rapid movements, but will endeavour to make up for it, by early rising and industry. I have not been here above five minutes, and I begin to chat with my Amelia ; while she, good, quiet soul, is sleeping as sound as I shall be, as soon as I get my dinner. The whole house seems engaged on that subject at present, except an old woman who has just entered, and is proceeding to arrange my bed. The room is paved with square brick, and she poor thing has wooden shoes on, and clatters about at a rate that rather interrupts than otherwise. The whole of this day's journey has been through a barren, flat, sandy country, very rarely producing any thing but pine shrub. The few people that I see appear stout and healthy ; and the men in general, when they travel, that is, go ten, twelve, or twenty miles, mount themselves

upon stilts about two or three feet high, and get along at an amazing rate ; they seem to move with ease, and to be no way's embarrassed by them. To see three or four of these animals moving towards you over a distant plain, has a very singular appearance; it brought to my mind the feats of Tom Thumb, and my ears tingled with *fee faw fum*. If you had been with me, I think I should allowed myself to have been diverted ; as I was poor creature alone, I looked, thought, and was amused, but it did not extend to diversion. To give you an idea how á man of six foot must be elevated thus equipped, I will only say, that a boy whose head if he had stood on the ground, would not have overlooked the nave of the hind wheel, came striding up while I was changing horses, to ask for a sous. His face was nearly on a level with the top of the carriage, so that I looked up at him and inquired the cause of his application, he stammered and had not a sufficient appearance of poverty to justify me in complying with his request ; I told him so, and begged his permission to save it for some boy who might want it more ; if you please Monsieur L' Comte, says he. Where he got that idea from I cannot tell, (for by all that's handsome, and when a gentleman swears by his wife he ought to be believed,) I had neither cross, eagle, owl or ribbon, not even to my hair. Perhaps while the men in this district play the giant, the women play the witch, and make discoveries and

tell the boys. I wrote your papa yesterday, and said that Mr. Barclay was in prison; it was true; he was put there on Tuesday last as I stated, and for the reasons named, and to my very great astonishment made his appearance yesterday at half past two, at my quarters, and said he had come to dine with me. The addition to my dinner was soon made, and he informed me that the Parliament of Bordeaux had released him, in consequence of his public character, not as consul, but as envoy to Morocco on his return to Paris, the place from whence he departed. It has made a great talk; both his imprisonment and his release; I am apprehensive it will not end here.

21st, and it is Monday night, half past nine — just got in again — I have been engaged in my journey this day, fourteen hours; I feel not the least inconvenience.

Yours,

W. S. S.

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x.

May 25th, 1787, 9 o'clock, night.

Kingdom of Spain, and Old Castile is the province, and I am seated in a good inn on the banks of the river Ebro, which falls into the Mediterranean about twelve miles from Victoria, and have got safely over those mountains, which I informed my friend in No. 9, from Bayonne on the 22d, I

should attack in the morning. The difficulties which I am to encounter on this tour are yet to show themselves; but finally I suppose they will, as all others appear less in reality than in imagination. I have hitherto been very well fed, and well lodged; it is a plentiful country, and if a person does not carry a disposition to be pleased with him, the disposition of the people to serve and accommodate, will very probably create it as he advances, unless he takes pains to shut it out. I write this in great haste, — a little disposed for sleep, having arose at three this morning and been busy all day in getting forward. The same time to-morrow will find me in motion; indeed I shall never be at rest until I am with my friend. I propose being in Madrid on Thursday or Friday next, when I will take a day or two to say more. Two English gentlemen who put up at the same posada, will take this with them; and dinner being now brought in, I must bid my love adieu; remember me to mamma.

I am most affectionately your friend, &c.

W. S. S.

Madrid, May 31.

I intended to have continued on this sheet, my letter from Bayonne, No 9, but the gentleman to whom I was addressed, having arrived to make

the necessary arrangements for my departure, I was obliged to put up a hasty prayer for my Amelia, and conclude, having scarcely room left to sign my name. I have now the pleasure of informing my friend that agreeable to my intentions expressed in the letter referred to, I left Bayonne early on the morning of the 23d, and while the muleteer and Curio took a hasty bit at St. Jean De Lur, by way of breakfast, I ate some strawberries and bread in the carriage, after which proceeding to the river Bidassoa, and having crossed it, found myself in the kingdom of Spain at 12 o'clock — and perhaps landed on the very spot where the Dauphin of France, and Henry Duke of Orleans disembarked, when their father, Francis I, on the 18th of March, 1526, delivered them to the Emperor Charles V, as hostages for his fulfilment of the treaty which he had signed at Madrid, and which he never intended, (indeed it was not in his power) to have complied with; it however produced his enlargement. Historians give a very minute account of this exchange of a king for his two sons; and it is remarked as a matter of astonishment, that none have mentioned the effect which the sight of his two children must have produced in the king their father particularly as they were to be delivered to the emperor to procure his own release. I think it almost impossible that they should have passed within reach of each other, without discovering

some emotion or producing some salute ; but none is noted.

The king proceeded rapidly to Bayonne, where his mother and the court awaited his arrival. On the way, being on horseback, he is said to have often waved his bonnet in the air, and cried out with transport, "*Je suis encore Roi !*" His reign throughout was interesting, and his character great—though I think in several instances, too strongly marked with a vicious bias — and he lessens much in my estimation in the above scene ; for in his hurry to become again a king, he appears totally lost to the feelings of a man and a father.

From what I have said of this river Bidassoa, you will conclude it separates France from Spain. I shall proceed to tell you that having passed a gentleman and his family travelling, I dined at the first Spanish village in sight of the borders of France. The mode of this family's travelling may be worthy of notice. A mule being saddled, on each side is fixed a low-armed chair, or framed cushion, in which the gentleman and his lady were seated, carrying each a small umbrella. Two female servants pressed the ribs of another animal in the same manner, and a pretty little girl of about twelve years was seated on the saddle between them. These patient creatures being led by the men servants, make a steady progress of about three miles the hour. I think it would af-

ford us a week's laugh at least, should it ever be our lot to travel thus, particularly if Sir and madam were slung thus before us. But it would be fair to give them an opportunity to laugh a little too. For this purpose we would lead the van, and bring up the rear alternately. Oh! how some folks would groan or sigh.

It is needless, my dear, to rattle you over one hill and another, or fill my letter with names of villages and streams, which I hope you will never be under the necessity of visiting. I shall content myself with telling you that I arrived here at 11 in the morning, on the 9th day after I left Bayonne; so that having arrived from Bordeaux there in two day's travelling, I calculate that I can pass from Bordeaux to Madrid in eleven. He that can do it in less, I will acknowledge to be a more active, and of course a cleverer fellow. I was always shaved and combed before four in the morning, and made a point of being ready every day before the muleteer.

The roads through the Pyrenean mountains are so well made as not to be in the least dangerous, though being badly paved, are rough and uneasy; it is carried through a bold and highly cultivated country, thickly settled and luxuriant. Passing through the tolerably free province of Biscay, which your papa well describes in I think his fourth letter, in his defence of the constitutions of our country, enters the province of Old Cas-

tile, after passing through the town of Victoria, a pleasant place, situated south of the Pyrenees. At this place I was stopped some hours by the officers of the custom-house, and for want of a passport was obliged to pay twenty-seven dollars agreeably to what they called these establishments. Against this, I had attempted to guard, by getting Harrison to inform Mr. Carmichael one month before I left London, that on or about the 13th of May I should be at Bourdeaux, and requesting that the necessary passports might be deposited there for me. By a letter from Harrison at L'Orient, I was informed that he had received an answer, and that the papers would be deposited agreeable to my request. I was detained there several days longer than I intended by Mr. B.'s situation. I arrived on the day appointed, and yet found no passports. I can account for this in no other way at present, than that the general or rather particular movements of my countrymen in Europe have been so very uncertain, that every one concerned with them have given up every idea of calculation, or even believing them when they say they intend leaving a place to-day, and being at another to-morrow. I cannot bear to have my word doubted, even in the most trivial case, and was a little displeased at Bourdeaux when I told a gentleman (who asked me when I should proceed,) that I should go in the morning. "Oh no," says he, "you will dine with me the day

after." For myself, I am determined my acquaintance shall make me an exception to this rule, and learn to believe it is my intention when I tell them so ; for that the thing will be done is a fact, unless I should be checked by accident, or am convinced of an error in my determination.

But with respect to this custom-house at Victoria. I was at first a little displeased ; but on recollection, being convinced that the surest way to overcome the difficulty was to submit to the regulations of the country, and take a particular receipt, that in case of imposition I might get redress here. I kept myself cool, sent Curio to make the arrangement, and contented myself in the public house until he informed me that every thing was settled, and the mules ready to go.

At this place is a very elegant new inn, and I dined sumptuously, and was well attended.

Former travellers, who have cast a censure on this province of Biscay, relative to its scarcity, and badness of accommodation, must surely have set out with a determination to find fault and be peevish. I acknowledge my plan to have been carried even thus far into execution upon principles diametrically opposite, but must say it is a perfect Paradise to either Old or New Castile. Indeed Spain is the only country that I am acquainted with, that the nearer you approach the capital, the worse are the accommodations, and the more glaring the lines of general poverty and

oppression. But I find I have been so accustomed for several days past to bound and skip along, that I can scarcely preserve a steadiness in my description.

I will run through Biscay perfectly satisfied with it; it produces wheat, corn, oats, flax, and has large orchards. The inhabitants appear industrious and healthy. Their villages and houses seem to have been long built, and where there are any new additions, there appears very little improvement in the taste of the architecture; but it answers their purposes, and they appear content and comparatively happy. There is an air of haughtiness in their movements, even of the inferior classes. The labourer in the field panting with fatigue, while he checks his industry to gratify his curiosity, puts his arms *a kimbo*, and endeavours to look big. He seems conscious that he is happier than his neighbour in the other provinces of the kingdom, and looks as if he dare defend himself and his possessions if attacked. But the scene changes as you leave this province and pass through Old and New Castile. Here is misery — no, they are just not miserable; the soil is ungrateful, and the villages cannot furnish a traveller with any thing to eat. I rested on the ability of the country as long as possible, but found it would not do, and for two or three days dined upon half a dozen cups of tea and a crust. It was enough for me; and as for rest at night, I did

tolerably in the mountains — but in this dreary way — excuse me —

Bugs of man make a prey,  
And fleas have their appetites too ;  
To avoid whose bite  
I sling hammock at night,  
And so sleep with a tolerable *gout*.

You see I cannot help getting prose run mad sometimes ; indeed it is enough to make every thing run mad to be so bit. I never was so sensible of the force of a toast I used frequently to hear given in the course of the war, as I have been on this jaunt : viz. “perpetual itching to the enemies of America, without the benefit of scratching.” I will never drink that toast again, for it is too cruel ; poor people, I can now feel for you if it had fallen to your lot, death would have found you before the definitive treaty ; England would have been saved an immensity of money, and the king and his cabinet have been restored long since to their senses.

June 1st. The court are at Aranjuer, and of course Mr. Carmichael with them. The first thing I did yesterday was to send a letter to him ; it is six leagues, to beg he would forward what letters he has for me. I have only yet, Amelia, received No. 1 ; if I shall be disappointed here, and not get any from you, I will leave the place immediately, and go to Lisbon and be sick. I have already sent the things to be washed, and am

making preparations for a further progress. I shall be out of humour with the world, or at least the post-offices in it, unless I have letters: how dare the varlets detain them?

I am already almost put aside myself by bells and drums religious. The host has already passed three times to-day. I looked out of the window, for I have not yet been in the street, and observed whole ranks of passengers kneeling. The Spaniards, at least those I have seen, appear a sedate and solemn people; pleasantry and good humour seem to be entirely engrossed by the monks and friars. The inhabitants, whose country I have passed through, except Biscay, appear almost worn out by the oppressions of their governments, and fatigued to death by being priest-ridden.

There is a little cultivation round this capital. It is very disagreeably situated, and has an insignificant appearance as you approach it. Perhaps I shall walk out towards sunset, and to-morrow may say a little about the town and its internal arrangements; and I expect to be in better spirits to write, for I still hope to receive something from my Amelia before I go to rest. But as it is possible this may reach Grosvenor Square before No. 10, I will only say that on the 25th, having put up at the same inn with two gentlemen travelling towards London, I put a letter to my dear Amelia under cover to Dr. H., only in-

forming her that I was well, and safely over the mountains.

Saturday morning, 5 o'clock, June 2d. I was setting solus at eleven last night, still expecting No. 2, when lo ! it arrived. Mr. Carmichael was so good as to send his servant express with it, and one or two others. I read it, and took it to-bed with me, and then read it again ; I could not compose myself before I got it, and after I had read it several times, it would not let me sleep, and has roused me thus early in the morning. I have not yet been out of my room ; I am getting myself cool and composed, for I have moved with such rapidity for twelve days past, that I think if on my arrival I had been cast into the branch of the Tagus, on which this capital stands, I should have made as great a hissing as Falstaff did when he was thrown into the Thames. I shall go this day to Aranjuez, and lodge with Mr. Carmichael, as he has very politely requested. I shall see what is to be seen there, learn what I can relative to general and particular politics, and return again here to set off for Lisbon ; but of all this you will be informed by other letters. I like your ideas of contentment — and when I return, will study to keep myself as much "*within the bounds of reason*" as possible.

Papa's and Mr. C.'s jaunt turned out exactly as I expected, relative to the pleasures they were to experience. *I have often wondered when people have their choice, they do not as frequently pick*

*up a rose, as meddle with a thorn*; but the fault is in our stars, and not in ourselves. Happy are those who study to counteract this bias of their nature as much as possible; the great object of life is to be happy, and to be so, I agree with you we must keep "within the bounds of reason."

I think you will say he writes a long letter before breakfast. I would at any time, Emmy, rather converse with you than eat. I am obliged to make use of a paper on which I have been sketching out some lines of fortifications in the mountains; thus you storm my works and make me your prisoner at discretion. I am as well convinced as you possibly can be, that you will never abuse your power, or give me reason to regret having placed unbounded confidence in you; but that I have not said more to you on the subjects you allude to, and which you say I touched the evening before I set out, is because you have never put yourself forward enough in conversation, to enable me to judge of what you wished to know, or what you would be pleased to be informed of; I think I only want to be clear in that, and every thing I know on the subject sought after, will be cheerfully communicated.

I am almost put out of my senses by bells and drums, accompanying the host through the streets. The Romish religion is the only one tolerated in this kingdom, and it is played off with such pomp and ceremony, that I am astonished that the nation

at large, has not seen through the mist that surrounds them, and broke the fetters of priestcraft; but they still grasp at it with all its absurdities, and by a steady perseverance in the career, have furnished their king with the title of his Most Catholic Majesty. I shall see him in a day or two, and paint him to you; but I feel a little prejudiced; this I must conquer. I have seen so much misery in the villages, that I think I shall be disgusted at the splendour in the palace; I can be content and pleased with it, when it flows from the liberality of an enlightened, generous people, conscious of their power, and sensible of their rights; and that it arises from liberal donations to the chief magistrate, to enable him to support the dignity of his station. But when the faces of the poor are ground, to polish the throne of a tyrant, its glitter frets my mind, and forces me to dwell in painful contemplation on those vile oppressive measures, which are exerted to collect from the too patient multitude, the earnings of their industry and the paltry overplus of a pitiful subsistence. But enough; I find I am drawing to the last side of my paper, and I have no more; if I had, I do not know when I should stop.

Yours, w. s. s.

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XII.

Aranjuez, June 6th, 1787.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was much pleased this morning by the receipt

of yours of May 19th. Look at the dates — May 5th, Paris, and Blois, May 11th — the places are very distant, and it is impossible to write in a chariot going post. I have answered your mamma's letter from this place ; I have not gone through the necessary visits to the royal family, but they are nearly finished. I find everything here much more agreeable than I expected ; the corps diplomatic, are very different gentlemen at this court, from those at the court of London ; here friendship, hospitality, and good humour, sweeten society, and sweeten the political career. I have been here four days, and have dined very agreeably three of them, with the English, Swedish, and the Dutch Ministers ; I am engaged to dine with the Comte de Florida Blanca on Saturday, and shall begin to think of proceeding to Lisbon ; but I am rather uneasy about Curio ; the fatigues of the journey have proved too great for him, and he is now sick and a-bed ; he is well attended, and I hope will recover in a few days ; if he does not, I shall with very great reluctance be obliged to proceed without him ; he has conducted himself so well, that I shall miss him much — and at Bayone took him in the carriage with me, so that all through Spain he has fared in every respect equal with myself. But notwithstanding that, he is sick and I am as usual, in greater health for the active life I have passed. It is my element ; sloth and inactivity will sicken me ; but the other will ensure me health and spirits.

June 7th. The grand procession of the court this day, has engaged the attention of every one in and about this place ; the palace was thronged with “reverend r——s in robes,” adorned with all the insignia of their respective stations, and cutting no despicable figure ; on the contrary, the whole was solemnly magnificent, and worthy the attention of a stranger. After the solemn march was over, all parties perambulated the gardens, where taste and elegance, accompanied with all the graces of the Spanish court, were laid open to view. I was entertained and shall spend this afternoon at a bull feat ; but I am told it will not be equal to what I shall see in the course of a day or two ; but you shall have more of this in detail, my friend, when I shall again seat myself contented by your side. I thank you for the information you give me in cypher ; there is great pleasure in having my companion a little of a politician. The news came agreeable and apropos. Yours,

W. S. S.

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XIII.

Aranjuez, Sunday, June 10th, 1787.

I have payed my respects to his majesty and all the royal family. The prime minister, the Comte de Florida Blanca, made professions of friendship for our country, and gives me letters of introduction to Lisbon, but he being a little deranged I had not the honour of seeing him yesterday as I ex-

pected, and mentioned in a former letter ; he has appointed Wednesday for our final conference, &c. I have been so perfectly well received here, that I cannot help communicating to my best friend, my satisfaction on the subject. I dined yesterday with the Comte de Kagenack, formerly the Imperial Ambassador at the Court of London. The entertainment was brilliant, and he vastly polite, and desired his respectful compliments to Mrs. Smith and to Mr. and Mrs. Adams. The easy good humour which floats in the atmosphere of this court, has had a good effect upon his excellency. He appears to greater advantage here than when I used to see him stand as stiff at St. James's, as if he had swallowed a crowbar. I pass my day thus — I rise every morning at five o'clock, dress, and mount on horse-back at six — but where does my friend get a horse ? I'll tell you my dear. The Russian Ambassador, (the very antipode of Comte Woronzow) is attentive beyond description. 'This day is the second that I have dined with him ; he told me his horses were at my service during my stay. I have, with all the modesty I am master of — and I hope you do not think that small — accepted ; and thus accommodated, accompanied by Sir Alexander Monro the English Consul, who politely offered, to ride with me every day, until he had shown me all the beauties of this spot. I take a gentle ride one day to one part, and another to another,

until about nine o'clock, when we return to breakfast, get dressed by half past eleven, go to court and walk in the palace gardens until two. That being the hour for dinner, I proceed with the serenity of a Steuben to the house where I have been previously invited. After dinner the card tables engage the attention of those who would rather play than chat, until the lengthening shadows proclaim the declining sun sufficiently near the western horizon, to make the walks agreeable, and exercise healthful. At this signal, the whole court sally forth, and present a scene sufficiently enlivening for the kingdom of Spain. Before the evening dews fall, every one retires as he may be respectively engaged. I, an old-fashioned fellow, am now sitting, being Sunday evening 8 o'clock, writing to my wife. I feel my soul expand with every benevolent and interesting sensation when in company with respectable old age. I think it has its joys, (though different) equally with youth, and the early part of life being what I style well spent, its joys and pleasures will gradually, and agreeably to the gentle stages of nature, give place without a pang, or rather imperceptibly, to the more sedate and cooler enjoyments of the advanced periods. All that I am anxious and studious for, is, to govern and direct my enjoyments in such a way, as would not make a good man blush on recollecting them, whether in the world or in his closet — you are both alone.

Tell mamma my advice is, to take John on horse-back, and by gentle day's journeys, make an excursion into Devonshire — it can be done in four days — you can spend four days there, and be back on the twelfth; but I think she has scarcely courage enough. It would be a good jaunt for you both, but methinks you sigh and wish me back; for *this* purpose I join you most heartily. Well, when I do come, we will try if I cannot take some gudgeons for you in some part of the Thames. I thank you for rolling Mr. Paradise so well up in your letter, and then stretching him out again. "I ask your pardon, I don't know whether I explain myself well or not." Oh you are an arch one, but you are just such as I wish you, but rather too far from me at present. Papa, you say, is gone. I am rather of opinion he will be worried on the subject, but that he will finally succeed I do not doubt — but it will be by the sweat of his brow — it is the way we all get through life. Some, it is true, do not puff and blow as much as others, but very few take it as easy as they might if they would take a little pains. I am at present looking steadfastly, and with reverence at the finger of Providence as it relates to Curio — he is dangerously ill — but a few days will decide the subject. I am prepared with a proper mind for the decision. You will hear from me again soon.

Yours,

W. S. S.

## XV.

Aranjuez, June 18th, 1787.

I wrote you, my dear Amelia, on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th instant, and that I am still here is owing to the prospect of Curio's speedy recovery. I am almost out of patience waiting for it, but it would be unjust to leave him behind in a strange country, when a few days' patience may sufficiently restore him to proceed with me ; but I have wrote to his doctor this morning, requesting him to inform me when he supposes he will be in a condition to travel ; when I receive his answer, I shall decide whether it is proper and consistent for me to proceed or wait. There is every pains taken here in the circle of my acquaintance, to make my time pass agreeably ; and I have been pleased and comforted, but it is not a theatre for me. I find the manners of the world surrounding the palace, very different from that which can excite my respect, or in every respect please me. I therefore frequently retire to converse with you, my friend, and can with truth assert that those moments of virtuous retirement are my greatest sources of pleasure. I continue my early morning rides, and am sensible of their being of service. This place, with the improved and ornamented grounds, embrace a space of many leagues in circumference, on both sides of the River Tagus. The palace is considered the centre of the scene, surrounded with luxuriant and

well-arranged gardens, through which the river passes with rapidity. Its face is variegated by obstructions, which produce both gently-sloping, and perpendicular falls, which are pleasing to the eye, and by no means disagreeable to the ear. It is really a treat to be here; you may ride under a double row of elms and oaks, perfectly sheltered from the sun, for six or eight miles, which I suppose to be about the length of the largest diameter of this park. It abounds with deer, and wild-hogs, partridges and hares, pheasants and rabbits. The king is a great sportsman, and passes a considerable proportion of every day both in hunting and fishing. He is attended every day in his palace, by the foreign ministers, and those of his subjects who form the court, and they pass their time as at Versailles. On Sunday, all the Royal family here dine in public in their own apartments, and receive the courtiers while at dinner; but more of this when I get home: when will that be? I shall consult the first fortune-teller I may chance to meet with, and if she or he do not fix it at a very short date, I will give but a small fee. I must say a few words in cypher. I suppose if this letter falls into the hands of a politician before it reaches you, he will not spend his time in attempting to decypher a sentence from a gentleman to his lady.

7 o'clock. I have just returned from dining with the Russian Ambassador, who I have spo-

ken of before, and must apologize for putting in cypher what perhaps you may suppose might as well have been wrote at full length. If it was anything relative to a political question you might be repaid the trouble of decyphering it, by communicating it to your papa; but as it relates only to us, you will keep it to yourself, or laugh with mamma on the subject, as you please. 46. 93p. n3uu3p. 4. 5i. b3pr. 74b4n. um. u93. o462.; don't laugh at *me*! I have the pleasure of informing my friend that I called to see my servant to-day, and that I found him up, and in a fair way speedily to recover. I feel lighter for it, and shall make every necessary arrangement for my departure on the day the doctor says he may undertake the journey. I shall be a day or two longer on the road, least he should relapse, and I flatter myself that the sea-breeze at Lisbon will recruit him so that when I begin to return, he will be able to bear the rapidity of my motion back. In one of your letters you seem rather interested in the beauty of the French ladies. The only way I have to extricate myself from censure, as wanting taste, is to suppose that they had all retired to the sea-side to pass the summer, for it is a truth, not one showed herself on my path, which run a very long line through the kingdom; and even in Spain, if I may be allowed to judge, the stock is too small to be worth counting upon, as we Yankees say.

W. S. S.

XVI.

Madrid, June 1st, 1787.

MY DEAREST AMELIA :

I was rendered extremely happy yesterday morning, by the receipt of your letter, No. 5, dated the 3d inst. My last of the 18th, I suppose is considerably advanced towards you. The removal of the Court from Aranjuez, and the impossibility of making arrangements there for my departure for Lisbon, rendered my return to this place necessary. I am tired with the inevitable delay I have met with here, on account of my servant's indisposition; but his health is now restored, (though he is rather weak) and I shall put myself soon again in motion. You know I am a great advocate for sloping the descent of life, and "strewing the way over with flowers," I will do all I can to collect a sufficiency for you, and aid you in scattering them to our mutual satisfaction; and would even venture to advise the giving up of all intimacy, with persons who seem disposed to pluck the thorn rather than the rose. Apropos: I recollect something clever on this subject, the substance of which the pleasant minded Franklin is said to have suggested to a small circle of friends, *i. e.* there are two sorts of people in this world, who with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy, and the other unhappy. This arises very much, from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the ef-

fect of those different views upon their own minds. In whatever situation individuals may be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences ; in whatever company, they may find persons or conversations more or less pleasing ; at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed ; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather ; under whatever government, they will find good and bad laws, and those laws well or badly administered ; in every poem or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties ; in almost every face and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities. Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people abovementioned fix their attention ; those who are to be happy on the conveniences of things ; the pleasant parts of conversation, the well dressed and well tasted dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c. &c., and enjoy all with cheerfulness. 'Those on the other hand who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries ; hence they are continually discontented with themselves, and by their remarks sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied ; but as the disposition to criticise and be disgusted, is perhaps taken up originally by im-

itation, (for man is an imitative animal,) and unawares grows into a habit, which though strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it, are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity. I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which though in the exercise is chiefly an art of imagination, yet it has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes; for as many are offended by, and nobody loves this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them, which is always disagreeable and sometimes very inconvenient; particularly when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels. There was an old philosopher, grown cautious from experience in this particular, who carefully shunned any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a ther-

inometer to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer to show him when it was likely to prove good or bad. But there being no instrument yet invented, to discover at first sight this unpleasing disposition in a person, he for that purpose made use of his legs, one of which was remarkably handsome, the other crooked and deformed. If a stranger at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome, that was sufficient to determine this philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body is not thus furnished to make this experiment, but every one with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. The story is closed in advice to those critical, querulous, discontented, fault-finding, unhappy people, that if they wish to be loved and respected by others, and happy in themselves, they should leave off looking at the *ugly leg*. I dare say, my dear, that you can look round society, and mark out a few whom this story might benefit; thank our stars we are tolerably clear of this disposition. I have often been diverted in company, to observe persons anxiously looking out for the ugly leg; and I dare say it will not be long after the receipt of this, but you will smile on the discovery of a similar trick in the character of some one or other.      w. s. s.

## XVII.

Madrid, Saturday, June 30th, 1787.

I wrote you my friend on the 25th, No. 16 ; it was, through mistake, dated the 21st. I then expected to be on my way before this, but the king thought proper to lay an embargo on all mules and their drivers, for the accommodation of the court. I am heartily sick of being detained here, but have made a positive agreement, signed, sealed, and delivered, to be taken from this on Tuesday ; after which there will be a necessary interruption to that correspondence for a time, which during my confinement here, has been my only source of happiness. Mr. Carmichael has often laughed at me, on discovering my gayety and good humour, or my sobriety on the arrival of the post. Yesterday I was as gay as a lark, and read your agreeable letter of the happy 12th of June, with every tender and affectionate sensation.

Your observation on people mixing with society, perfectly corresponds with my ideas on that subject, and I fully agree with you that we should either remain in our studies, or come out with a disposition to be pleased, and to mix with the world with gayety and good humour. This intercourse may be fairly viewed through a commercial medium, and a useful lesson drawn from it. When we leave our rooms to seek society, it would perhaps not be improper to turn the object

in our minds. If we go to seek pleasure and entertainment, we should also examine what we can give in return for it, and whether the intercourse can be made reciprocally amusing — for unless it is, the circle we frequent will soon become tired of us, or we of them; and like the merchant who seeks foreign or domestic markets to exchange his merchandise, we shall frequent or forsake those places where we can meet with, or do not find a good equivalent for what we bring. In the small circle of your friends, you will find many visit the market with smiles and approbation; some with mirth and wit, and a very few with benevolence and instruction. A large group travel daily round the stalls, with slander, censure, and malevolence. The first will contentedly hear whatever you have to say, and give you the smile and grin of approbation in exchange; the second will demand it again in exchange for what he brings; the third class are generally satisfied with attentive silence, and to be now and then flattered with a leading question, which will enable them to display their knowledge and observation. They are worth cultivating; indeed so are the two preceding.

“Can smile at sorrows not their own,  
And laugh to hear a nation groan,  
They are insolent, and vain, and rude,  
And grieve at all that's great and good.”

They insult, wherever they offer their goods, and seldom hold any commerce but with each

other. Towards this class I would not only refuse to give any thing in exchange, but would not even accept of their wares ; and instead of even plaguing myself with telling them that what they offered was not to my taste, or to the taste of those who visited my shop, I would keep always ready a delicately polished mirror, finished by the gentee, and of polite reflection, which should be presented even before they had entirely unpacked, and I do not think I should ever be troubled with a second visit ; — but to business. The letter to Mr. Robert Riddle of Castle Green, Dumfries, and the will received from Mr. Troup, I wish my friend would put in the post, with a little note to Mr. Riddle. He is a polite gentleman, and the papers are of importance to him. If Mr. Troup's letter to him is open, shall I ask a copy ? Mr. Sullivan's affair I shall attend to. I thank you for your determination to keep a journal ; it is a good thought, and will amuse you now, and hereafter give *me* pleasure.

It is necessary that I should write to your papa and Mr. Jefferson by this post. The sentence contained in cypher of one of my letters from Aranjuez, I suppose you have communicated — and as I have some reason to think my letters pass very securely to you, I shall enclose your papa's under the same cover. Those that you have favoured me with, have come safe and regular — the last was not numbered. Tell master

William that I am much obliged by his attention, and hope he will continue to merit the praises of his mamma ; kiss the dear boy *morning*, *noon*, and *night* for me.

I am called upon to pay a visit to the Marquis de de Arranda. I shall return to my pen soon again.

I found at the Marquis's a large party at cards. They are always to be met with here. He is a gentleman of great fortune, and keeps an open table, where every one is well received at dinner every day he choses to call after his introduction to the family ; but cards always succeed the coffee, and a ride in the Prado takes up the cool of the evening. What is called society here, is the assembling of a number of people, who immediately fix themselves at a table, and proceed to plunder each other politely at cards. But fortunately, every one has it at his option to play or look on ; you are left at free liberty either to do this, or even to loll on a settee in any of the apartments, and sleep out your visit ; a bow on entering, and another when you retire, will pass you any where ; a careless passive civility, is what is most current, and is called ease and gentility. After the ride in the prado, or ornamented meadow, the opera, standing routes or particularly frescos, close the evening ; iced creams, and lemonade with cake, stop the mouths of those who are not disposed to be very particular to some one lady. The former I find excellent.

The evening rides exactly resemble those of Hyde Park, except that both sides are shaded with lofty trees well arranged, pleasingly interspersed, with fountains and running streams ; and in the centre, lest in the pleasing scene the company should forget the power of the king, and the nature of the government, a number of dragoons with drawn swords constantly patrol, and the procession move the round with great regularity, no one being permitted to turn but at certain windings and outlets.

The city within is neat, and many streets are elegantly irregular. It far exceeds Paris, or any other in Europe that I have seen, except Westminster. Some of their gates show the improved taste of the times ; but the wall of the city was built for use detached from ornaments.

You say you should like to pass the leisure moments in the study of history ; it will give me great pleasure my friend, to attend you in this pursuit ; a little acquaintance with geography would make the pursuit delightful to you. In the meantime you will find in my closet Robertson's History of Charles V. The whole of that • Emperor's reign is interesting, and the manner of his resigning his crown to his son Philip, and voluntarily retiring from the splendour of a court to spend the rest of his days in solitude, will command your attention, for at that time it filled all Europe with astonishment. He took leave of his

son Philip II, on the 17th of September, 1556, and sailing from Holland, which was then under his government, he landed in Spain, and falling on the earth he kissed it, and exclaimed, “naked came I into the world, and naked I now return to *thee*, thou common mother of mankind.” Dismissing all his attendants except twelve, he took up his abode in a small house, which he had ordered previously built for his reception in a small valley of this kingdom; and here, I think it is Robertson who says, “he buried in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which during half a century had alarmed and agitated Europe.” He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches — and having found after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he is said to have reflected with a mixture of surprise and regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the intricate and mysterious doctrines of religion. He was constantly engaged in foreign wars, or in contests with his protestant subjects, in fruitless attempts to bring them back to the Catholic religion. Philip early discovered his ingratitude and inattention to his father, who was embarrassed for the first payment which Philip was to have made him; though out of his

immense wealth, and extensive possessions both in Europe and Africa, and the more wealthy continent of South America, he only reserved to himself 100,000 crowns a year. But the son soon discovered that with his father's kingdoms he inherited his views, and though he had transferred to him his power, he could not transplant his good qualities. His tyranny and persecutions soon procured the revolt and loss of the Low Countries, now the United Provinces, commonly called Holland. His marriage with Mary, queen of England, as great a bigot as himself, is considered a circumstance which rather urged him on to those acts which disgraced his reign and dismembered his empire. But you see I am a little pushed for paper, and it is now too late to obtain a fresh supply. It is probable when you receive this, I shall be in or near Lisbon.

Tell Mr. Cutting I have received his letter from Amsterdam, and am much obliged ; he was right to go with your papa ; and I think he had better postpone his visit to Taunton until my return. Remember me affectionately to your mamma. Sir is I suppose still in Holland. I am, my friend, with the most unbounded love, yours sincerely,

W. S. S.

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XVIII.

Madrid, July 3d, 1787.

One line more, my dear friend, before I shut up my writing desk and bid adieu to Madrid. I have

written several notes of thanks to those who have contributed to make my stay here tolerably agreeable, and had cleared my desk, but my heart beat it open to chat a little more with you, to say farewell, until I get to Lisbon, which calculation will be twelve days from this date, when I shall again take my pen, and unfold the scenes I may pass.

Remember me with tenderness, and "all beyond, let wild ambition grapple for and gain."

Yours most sincerely,                      W. S. S.

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XIX.

Merida, July 9th, 1787, Estremadura.

The weather is extremely warm, which induces me to begin my journey at two o'clock in the morning; we put up at eight and rest until five, it is now near nine, and the journey for the day is finished. When I wrote you my friend from Madrid No. 18, I gave you some reason to think that you would not hear from me again, until my arrival at Lisbon; but I suppose you laughed at the idea, and imagined I should steal a moment from sleep, to say a word or two on the way. It would afford you no amusement were I to give a minute account of the villages through which I have passed since my departure; there is such a sameness prevails throughout, that knowing one, you may form a tolerable idea of all the rest, and even the description of that one, I think it would be prudent for me to retain, until I have the hap-

piness of being with you. In some however, particularly in Orepesa and Truxilles, are the remains of ancient Moorish or Roman fortifications ; the latter is asserted by M. L. Dutens, Member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres of Paris, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, to be the country of the famous Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. With submission to the learned gentleman, I take the liberty of doubting it, and beg that you will examine Robertson on this important point, for I think he will say something of Pizarro which will enable you to forward me the information I wish. The question is, where was Pizarro the conqueror of Peru born and brought up—for education I think he had none—and on what theatre did he first make his appearance? If my recollection does not fail me, he started forth after Cortez had conquered Mexico, and some even say that he was a native of Panama; this I am pretty clear in. In that district of country the plan was first laid by Francis Pizarro, Almagro, and Sucques a priest ; that they sailed from thence for Spain, and obtained a grant of all the countries they should conquer. This great enterprise was undertaken with two hundred and fifty foot and sixty horse, and from the particular circumstances of the kingdom of Peru at the time of the invasion, the invaders had every advantage possible. The reigning king was Atabalipa, the twelfth of the race of the Incas ; he

had just conquered his brother Huescar, and held him as a prisoner in Cusco, the then capital of the Peruvian empire. The system of government which was pursued by the Incas, you will find in Barlow's *Vision of Columbus*, and many lines of national character justly and delicately drawn. I never yet could get it for so long a time as I wished, for separate from the versifying abilities of the author, it must contain some historical facts worth looking into. I shall be amused with the latter panegyrics; on the former I shall leave to better judges. They were a mild and gentle people, and from the superiority of European arts and arms, fell an easy prey to the invaders. But Pizarro, while revelling in luxury, and enjoying the wealth of the greatest conquest that was ever made, fell a sacrifice to his own pride and avarice, in his palace in the city of Lima, which he had founded and built, and which now is the capital of that kingdom. It has always been convulsed, and I cannot help thinking, is not much at this present day disposed for tranquillity.

The mistake of Monsieur Dutens, (if it is one) may arise from this: there are two other towns in the world called Truxillo, beside the one we now dispute about in Estremadura in Spain. The one is in the kingdom of Peru in South America, about two hundred miles from Lima; and the other is in North America in the kingdom of Mexico and province of Honduras, about three hundred miles

northeast of Amapalla ; perhaps this last was the native place of Pizarro — that he transferred the name to the town in S. A. &c. &c. ; but I won't at this distance from my little library plague myself with conjectures, but Mr. Duton's opinion must be looked into — in the meantime I will only say that the place I now write from is situated on the River Guadiana, and was once the capital of Estremadura, and abounds with interesting monuments of antiquity ; it was formerly a Roman city of some considerable note if I may judge from the venerable pillars and arches, in and about the place. There is a column of white marble in the square (which I suppose the centre of the ancient city,) crowned with a pedestrian statue. Time has not made any great depredations on this column ; it stands firm, and preserves its grandeur amid the surrounding ruins. I could not help attempting to draw a line of comparison between the people who raised this column, and turned the neighbouring arches, and those who at the present day were treading out their grain with horses in the environs of these ancient relics. But as "death opens wide the gates of fame, and shuts close the doors of envy after," and imagination is apt to paint in too high colours, I am apprehensive I have complimented the Roman character, too much at the expense of the Spanish. I have a high idea of the former, and am looking out for every favourable impression from the latter. I

have in several instances been fortunate, but have not yet made up my mind. There appears a strange jumble which I can neither digest nor reconcile — but a further knowledge of them, and a little more thought, may satisfy me ; at present clouds and darkness rest upon it. Yours,

W. S. S.

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XX.

Lisbon, July 16th, 1787.

I arrived here the last evening, and sent immediately to the merchant to whom I am addressed, to inquire for a letter from my dear Amelia, and was not a little mortified to receive for answer, that the gentleman was gone to his country house to spend the day with some friends, it being Sunday. Well, says patience, wait until the morning, Mr. Colonel, and you shall have it, for I am sure the letter has been forwarded. It turned out exactly so, and at breakfast this morning I was blessed with No. 7, of the 20th of June, continuing by adjournments until it embraced the 22d. I have half a mind to get a cork jacket made, and like the lover who swam the Hellespont every night to meet his fair one, plunge into the Atlantic, and seek the white cliffs of Albion. The difficulties which were painted on my route were easily overcome, or vanished as I approached them. There is a strange disposition afloat in the world, to let the *bad foot* command the attention. A

gentleman wrote me the morning I left London, some instructions relative to the route and mode of travelling, for observe, he had been through these countries. He recommends me by all means, to travel through Spain and Portugal on horse-back, and to carry my portmanteau on a mule; for, says he, "for a carriage, the roads are but passable — *for an English carriage impracticable.*" I shall have the pleasure of relating to that gentleman, how agreeable a good English carriage has made the journey to me; and I shall say further, that I am thus far without suffering the least fracture only of one of the lamps, when the muleteer drove me against the side of a house. I very coolly told him I did not choose to go in that way, if he would please to enter at the gate way, I should thank him. It is true that every body appears, and some express their astonishment at so light a carriage having performed the journey. I have met with several who have broken wheels and springs, but by the attention I paid to this carriage before I set out — you may remember I walked often to the coach-maker's — it has fully equalled my expectations, and I am much pleased with the fidelity of the coach-maker; his work does him honour. I have not the least doubt but it will carry me secure back again.

I am rendered doubly happy to be informed in your agreeable letter, of the welfare of my family in America. I am deeply interested in their hap-

piness, and pleased to hear they are well and cheerful. You will find us, my Emmy, a family of friends, looking upon each other with every benevolent sensation, and anxiously disposed to promote each other's happiness. In such a circle I think Heaven designed you to move, and not in the cold, unfeeling round of life, where each looks on the other with the eye of indifference, except only when they can answer each other's purposes. But check to your castle, says you — thank you, my queen. You say Charity expresses her apprehension that I have discovered something in her style which did not meet with my approbation, and thus she accounts for my silence. You will find from this circumstance, my dear, how well I am known — even the waters of the Atlantic cannot shelter me from a discovery. I own I was somewhat hurt at a sentence in one of her letters to me, but the dear girl would never have known it had she not made the observation you forwarded — nay, I doubt whether if she was to read the letter ten times over she would discover it herself. I will now write her, and smooth it over. I am a strange creature, and I acknowledge it; but you will make me a good one I hope. I know it was not fair to let the trifle — for a trifle it was — rest upon my mind; but I have very little disguise in me, and would never nourish the least particle of it, were it not sometimes necessary to the happiness of others; but I find it very difficult, and

*sometimes almost next to an impossibility* to “carry smiles and sunshine in my face, when discontent sets heavy on my heart,” or to write a letter of tenderness, affection, or friendship, when my feelings are not in unison, or do not correspond with the subject. I admire a reply of Bethas, an Arabian prince, who being taken prisoner in the course of a war between him and the Prince of Parthia, when the latter upbraided him with having undertaken the war upon vile and mercenary principles, and that the reasons he originally gave for it were not founded in fact, but that other and stronger motives lay concealed. He said, “no sir, ’twas *honour* urged me to the war; it is my ruling star by which I steer through life, and shun the shelves of infamy and vice;” and to the latter charge, proceeding, he exclaimed with dignity, “there you mistake me, Prince, for dissimulation never marked my looks, nor flattering deceit e’er taught my tongue the tale of falsehood to disguise my thoughts.” But I am quite out of my depth and calculation; I am on the fourth side, and almost to the bottom, when I candidly acknowledge I intended only to fill this sheet; for as you say, it has a long way to travel, but I have got so far, and I will proceed to the other.

My last letter to you my friend, was marked No. 19, (but you take no notice of not having received No. 10) dated on the 9th inst., from Merida,

in the Spanish\* Province of Estremadura, on the River Guadiana, which after entering the kingdom of Portugal at Elvas, and dividing the kingdom of Algarva, (subject to Portugal) from the province of Andalusia, loses itself in the Mediterranean Ocean at Aymonte, a Spanish town about eighty-five miles northwest of Cadiz, where I suppose sober-sided Harrison now is. I said something about Merida, its past grandeur and present appearance, its ancient arches, and a pillar on which an equestrian statue is fixed, and as you are pleased to express yourself interested in the small points of history which I have touched in some of my letters, I shall tell you what puzzles me; on the one side of the pillar mentioned, is clearly legible *Concordiæ Augusti* — the other I could not make out, but it finishes, *Romæ*, 1646. On reading this I was instantly overshadowed with a darkness similar to what was felt in Egypt, and I cannot yet find out what this 1646 means. The different dates of the rise and fall of empires is pretty well preserved, and history clearly proves to us that the Egyptians communicated to the Greeks, those to the Romans, and they to the present inhabitants of Europe, the luxuries and refinements of civilized life. We know that Rome was founded by Romulus and Remus in the year 753, before the birth of Christ — that in

\* There is a Province in Portugal of the same name, in the Capital of which I am at present.

the year 328, after Christ, *Constantine* removed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, and that in 476, Rome fell a pray to the Barbarians of the North, and that Odoaeer their leader, occupied the thrones of the Cæsars. We also know that wars, tumult, and a general confusion, attended with ignorance, overspread Europe for several hundred years, which gradually dispersing, the dawnings of refinement, and the stages of improvement are traced pretty clearly to the latter end of the fifteenth century, viz: in 1492, when Columbus sailed for the discovery of America; from that period to the present day is very clearly known—the progress in the arts and sciences, and the general amelioration of the state of man has not wanted recorders. Now through all these meanders, I can get no light thrown upon *Romæ*, 1646. Perhaps your papa can explain it, while I proceed to tell my friend, that having crossed the Gaudiana in the morning of the tenth, on a strong stone bridge of sixty-one arches, I proceeded to Badajos, the capital of Estremadura, and the last town in Spain, strongly fortified and garrisoned. On the eleventh, having recrossed the Guadiana on a bridge of twenty-seven arches, at ten o'clock I entered the kingdom of Portugal, and at twelve drove into Elvas, the frontier garrison of the kingdom. As I entered the gate, the officer of the guard, according to custom, took my name and I passed to the Posada. In a very short

time the commanding officer, Senior Guillaume Luir Antonio Je Valleré, Marechal de Camps, &c. &c., waited upon me. He said that as soon as the garrison-guard reported my arrival and name, he set out to pay his respects, to offer his services during the time I honoured the garrison with my presence ; and hoped I would do him the favour to take a soldier's dinner with him. "You will, sir," says he, "excuse the rapidity of my advances, when I assure you I have known you some time, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before." I was quite thunder-struck with all this profusion of compliment and civility, thanked him for his politeness, and accepted his invitation to dinner — determined to look further into his character. I would give some few pence to know what he meant, when he said he had known me for some considerable time ; but here I could not with decency discover any anxiety. On entering his quarters, I found his table covered with minerals and petrefactions, &c. &c., and different specimens of wood laying under. I complimented him on the scene, and began with him as a philosopher, admiring the sports, exertions, and arrangements of Nature, exhibited in the several productions which lay before us ; he joined with great relish, and after running some time on this horse we mounted the botanical nags, a collection of which he produced. I admired some, and took the seeds of others, with instructions how to raise

and use them. A case of mathematical instruments which lay near, induced me to leap the ditch and mount the parapet, and we proceeded to fortification and gunnery, in all which I found him instructed superior to any officer I have ever met with — in short I passed this day delightfully. He extended his politeness further: after dinner he showed all the works, and the interior arrangements of the garrison, and amused me for an half hour with the exercise and firing of a company of Infantry and Artillery. It was better than a *pinch of snuff*; and when I took my leave of him he gave me a letter of introduction to his lady and daughter here, whom I have taken tea with this afternoon; and ordered two of his dragoons to attend me through the kingdom, and to see me safe in Lisbon. This they faithfully attended to, and I dismissed them this morning, with thanks, and money to carry them back again; (if people will dance they must pay the fiddler.) I am diverted with mamma's dream, on the first of April; it shows at least that she thinks a little about us, and what she says of the *succession*, I dare say you will agree with me in supposing it would be better so than worse; but I agree with you in thinking it has come forward at a very early period, for it most certainly existed previous to the arrival of the persons mentioned, but time and patience will unfold all, and my next will say something to you about the time you may expect to have me

to yourself; but why, my dear, do you say your next shall be deposited at Bordeaux; have you not been a little too hasty in this decision? But it is done, and I can only mourn that if I should be detained here two or three weeks, that I shall not have another line from you until I get into France, which, let me be as industrious as I can be, cannot be in less than a month or six weeks; but I'll play you a trick for this, so look sharp. During the course of the war, I was stationed with three hundred and eighty chosen men, at Updikes, New Town, in the State of Rhode Island, opposite the British army. I had detached a Captain and fifty, some distance on my right, to guard a pass, &c. &c., a circumstance came to my knowledge, which gave him some little advantage of the enemy. I sent orders to him in writing to do so and so, and press the advantage that fortune might favour him with, and at the moment that I expected his report of having done the business, I received information of the enemy having passed, and soon after his account confirming it, with a detail of what he had done. It was different from what I had requested, and he excused himself by saying, he thought he did for the best. But, sir, did I not tell you every stage, and promise information if any changes were necessary? He said yes — but he thought he was doing for the best. I was obliged to tell him he had no right to think. I arrested and broke, and sent

him home to think and contrive. But this is an out-of-the-way story — Bordeaux is the word — and with love to my boy and mamma, I am, my dear girl, your most affectionate friend,

WILLIAM.

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XXI.

Lisbon, July 31st, 1787.

And I stand my hand, that is to say, having played the game of twenty-one, I stop and beat you. It is a long time though, my dear, since 20 was dated ; but your goodness will form many excuses, and my candour when I see you will satisfy you relative to the long silence. I have been every moment employed since I arrived ; I have got through all my affairs well, equal to my expectation, and have been received and treated with every mark of politeness and respect I could wish. My last gave you an account of my reception at the Advanced Garrison, and I have found no diminution of attention. I have had two interviews with the minister, and doubt not but my report to Congress will be acceptable ; but more of this when I see you, which I think, Heaven favouring, will not now be long. I have received No. 8 and 9 ; I thank you for not strictly attending to your determination, relative to your depositing letters for me at Bordeaux. I shall profit by the hint in your last, and embark for Falmouth in five or six days from this, so that

the next place you will hear from me will be there ; and then, very, very soon my love, I will be with you. It will happen fortunately, if you should be on a visit to some friends about Exeter, who I have often heard your mamma speak of ; a line left for me at the post-offices of Falmouth and Exeter, informing where you are, &c. would put every thing straight. But you will have finished your jaunt before that, and I shall have nothing to do after I land, if I find no orders at the post-office, than to clatter away for Grosvenor Square as quick as possible.

I was some days past at an entertainment of the French Ambassador's ; he outshines brilliancy itself. The company collected in number about 200 at and before 8, and after looking very agreeable at each other for about half an hour, were called into another apartment, where a very neat theatre was well arranged, and the ambassadress, and her sister, with two French noblemen, and one or two small characters, entertained the company with a pretty, light French comedy of two acts. It was performed with great vivacity, and the ladies, as in every thing they undertake, discovered a sprightly, pretty genius. After the play, the gardens, which are extensive, were well illuminated, and the company strolled through them. At the extremity of the walk was a very spacious hall formed by grape-vines, well lighted, with music, and the young part of the company

soon fell a dancing. For the graver, a band of good music kept constantly playing soft, gentle tunes, whose melody attracted not a few, and furnished amusement for those who thought the gardens and the night air better avoided. Time passed thus until one, when a very elegant supper was served. If I was to take this as a standard, I should suppose supper to be their favourite meal. After supper, the company rose and returned to the dance. I had enough, and went to bed. The French seem determined to lose no opportunity in ingratiating themselves every where by their politeness and affability. Apropos: the French ambassadress here is elegance itself; she appears about five or seven and twenty, with a most perfect form, and a soft animating countenance. You ask me about Spanish ladies — it is the kingdom of ugliness; the polite circle here is handsome, and what I have seen of their manners, I like them something better than their neighbours. But I'll tell you the whole story when I see you; until I reach Falmouth, adieu.

W. S. S.

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XXII.

Falmouth, August 20th, 1787.

Perhaps by this time you may have received my last from Lisbon. I have now the pleasure of informing my friend of my arrival here this day in the packet from that place, rather a little deranged

by my journeys and voyage, at least rendered much lighter. I shall lose no more time in being with you, than what an attention to my health requires. My business at Lisbon was brought to a very agreeable and honourable period, and I left it well satisfied; a little pride, which sometimes on occasion I can bring into play, and a little address, produced wonders, and made the diplomatic corps stare. I came off with the Continental colours flying, and shall soon have the happiness of laying them at your feet. Kiss the boy, and remember me to papa and mamma. I am, my dear, yours sincerely and affectionately,

W. S. S.

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XXIII.

Falmouth, August 22d, 1787.

I wrote you, my love, the first thing I did after my landing here on the 20th; I then proposed setting off from this, yesterday or this morning; but I am in *check*. I was yesterday at 4 o'clock, visited by an ague and fever, which shook and warmed me alternately pretty tolerably; this day I am free from it, and with the advice of a very good doctor who attends me, I hope soon to be allowed to put myself in motion towards one who possesses all my affections and merits all my love. The acquaintance which I formed in this place when I arrived from America, and the letters of introduction which I brought from Lisbon, insure me every civility and

respect I can wish. I am visited and attended in a very particular manner, and want for nothing but to be enabled to bid them farewell, and hasten to you. It is a painful detention to be so near, and upon the same island, and not be able to advance. You must not write, my friend, for I am in hopes before this reaches you to be on my way to you. I shall pass through Exeter, Taunton, Bath, Marlborough, &c., as being the best road — having the best horses and accommodations — for a few days longer, and this painful separation I hope will be at an end.

Yours,

W. S. S.

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XXIV.

Exeter, August 27th, 1787, Monday,  
half past four o'clock, P. M.

I have run away thus far from my fever, my friend, and find myself increasing in health and spirits as I get nearer to you — but I am little more than a travelling shadow. I have had a *tight time* of it, as we Yankees say, but thank Heaven it is over, and I once more permitted to advance upon the delightful theatre of health; the real charms of which none but those who have been forced by the arrangements of Nature, or who have fallen from it by their own folly, or imprudence, seem to be proper judges of, and even some of them upon their restoration, run on heedless of the lesson. I shall compose myself

for this day, and get in motion again about nine to-morrow, and lodge at Taunton to-morrow night, and thus gently I am obliged to approach. I hope after I pass Bath, to be able to be a little more lengthy in my journey ; at any rate, I think I may venture to say, you may expect me to dinner on Friday.

Heaven bless and protect you and the dear boy. Remember me to sir and mamma. Yours,

W. S. S.

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TO MISS ADAMS.

Paris, August 13th, 1783.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

I have received your affectionate letter of the 10th of May, with great pleasure, and another from your mother of the 28th and 29th of April, which by mistake I omitted to mention in my letter to her to-day. Your education and your welfare, my dear child, are very near my heart ; and nothing in this life would contribute so much to my happiness, next to the company of your mother, as yours. I have reason to say this by the experience I have had of the society of your brother, whom I brought with me from the Hague. He is grown to be a man, and the world says they should take him for my younger brother, if they did not know him to be my son. I have great satisfaction in his behaviour, as well as in the improvements he has made in his travels, and the

reputation he has left behind him wherever he has been. He is very studious and delights in nothing but books, which alarms me for his health ; because, like me, he is naturally inclined to be fat. His knowledge and his judgment are so far beyond his years, as to be admired by all who have conversed with him. I lament, however, that he could not have his education at Harvard College, where his brothers shall have theirs, if Providence shall afford me the means of supporting the expense of it. If my superiors shall permit me to come home, I hope it will be soon ; if they mean I should stay abroad, I am not able to say what I shall do, until I know in what capacity. One thing is certain, that I will not live long without my family, and another is equally so, that I can never consent to see my wife and children croaking with me like frogs in the Fens of Holland, and burning and shivering alternately with fevers, as Mr. Thaler, Charles, Stephen, and myself have done : your brother John alone had the happiness to escape, but I was afraid to trust him long amidst those pestilential steams.

You have reason to wish for a taste for history, which is as entertaining and instructive to the female as to the male sex. My advice to you would be to read the history of your own country, which although it may not afford so splendid objects as some others, before the commencement of the late war, yet since that period, it is the most interest-

ing chapter in the history of the world, and before that period is intensely affecting to every native American. You will find among your own ancestors, by your mother's side at least, characters which deserve your attention. It is by the female world, that the greatest and best characters among men are formed. I have long been of this opinion to such a degree, that when I hear of an extraordinary man, good or bad, I naturally, or habitually inquire who was his mother? There can be nothing in life more honourable for a woman, than to contribute by her virtues, her advice, her example, or her address, to the formation of an husband, a brother, or a son, to be useful to the world.

Heaven has blessed you, my daughter, with an understanding and a consideration, that is not found every day among young women, and with a mother who is an ornament to her sex. You will take care that you preserve your own character, and that you persevere in a course of conduct, worthy of the example that is every day before you. With the most fervent wishes for your happiness, I am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

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TO MRS. SMITH.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21st, 1797.

DEAR CHILD:

I believe I have not acknowledged your favour of the 20th January, which I received in its season.

I hope your apprehensions that "the party who have embarrassed the President, and exerted themselves to divide the election, will endeavour to render my situation as uncomfortable as possible," will be found to be without sufficient foundation; I have seen, on the contrary, a disposition to acquiesce, and hope it will increase. I am not at all alarmed; I know my countrymen very well.

If the way to do good to my country, were to render myself popular, I could easily do it. But extravagant popularity is not the road to public advantage.

By the 4th of March I shall know what to do. I cannot build my house till the foundation is laid; at present I know not what house I shall have, nor what means to furnish it. These things will be determined in ten days. At present I believe it will be best for your mother to remain where she is until October. I shall go to her as soon as I can.

Your brother John continues to give the highest satisfaction to government by his great industry, his deep discernment, his independent spirit, and his splendid talents. I hear such commendations of him as no other man abroad obtains.

In your solitary hours, my dear daughter, you will have a delightful opportunity of attending to the education of your children, to give them a taste and attachment to study, and to books. A

taste for science and literature, added to a turn for business, never can fail of success in life. Without learning, nothing very great can ever be accomplished in the way of business. But not only a thirst for knowledge should be excited, and a taste for letters be cultivated, but prudence, patience, justice, temperance, resolution, modesty, and self-cultivation, should be recommended to them as early as possible. The command of their passions, the restraint of their appetites, reverence for superiors, especially parents, a veneration for religion, morals, and good conduct.

You will find it more for your happiness to spend your time with them in this manner, than to be engaged in fashionable amusements, and social entertainments, even with the best company.

But I must restrain myself, and subscribe the name of your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

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TO MRS. SMITH.

Quincy, September 26th, 1802.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I received last night your favour of the 17th, and thank you for the pamphlet you sent me ; I had read those before. Most of the pamphlets are sent me by one and another, as well as the newspapers.

To read so much malignant dulness is an

odious task, but it cannot well be avoided. I have the history, too, of my administration. Good God ! is this a public man sitting in judgment on nations ; and have the American people so little judgment, taste, and sense as to endure it ?

The history of the Clintonian Faction, as it is called, I shall be glad to see. The society he asserts to exist, and which you say has not been denied, I fear is of more consequence than you seem to be aware of.

But to dismiss this society for the present. There is another set of beings who seem to have unlimited influence over the American people. They are a detachment, I fear, from a very black regiment in Europe, which was more than once described to me by Stockdale of Piccadilly, whom you must have seen at my house in Grosvenor Square. "Mr. Adams," said the bookseller, "the men of learning in this town are stark mad. I know one hundred gentlemen in London of great learning and ingenuity, excellent writers upon any subject, any one of whom I can hire at any time for one guinea a day, to write upon any theme, for or against any cause, in praise, or in defamation of any character." A number of the most profligate of these have come to this country very hungry, and are getting their bread by destroying all distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice.

You speak of "moderate people on both sides ;"

if you know of any such, I congratulate you on your felicity. All I know of that description are of no more consequence than if there were none. Commerce will decline, and the revenue fail. What expedient the government will have recourse to, I presume not to conjecture. I mourn over the accumulated disgraces we are bringing on ourselves, but I can do nothing.

The prisoners from St. Domingo will be dangerous settlers in the southern states. The French care very little whether turning them loose is insult or injury, provided we will cordially receive, or tamely connive at them.

My health is good, and my spirits would be high, if the prospect before us did not present clouds portending bad weather.

My love to Col. Smith and the children. The young gentlemen, I hope, think of Greece and Italy. I am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA



## TO MISS SMITH.

Quincy, January 24th, 1808.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

To-morrow will be a fortnight since you left me ; I have watched the weather with much solicitude, and when we had snow, as we had the Thursday after you set out, I hoped it might speed your journey, provided there should not be too great a quantity ; although the storm was severe and cold on Saturday, it was pleasant sleighing. I flattered myself we should enjoy it for a week or ten days, but so changeable the season that on Monday we had a partial thaw. If you have had similar weather I fear you have not reached your journey's end. We were rejoiced to hear from you at Worcester, and afterward at Northampton. A letter from a travelling friend is a great treat to those who sit by their firesides, compassionate their toils, sometimes fancying that they must suffer from the cold, from the snow, from the rain, hard beds, scanty clothes, small pillows, &c. But patience, my dear girl, will make a smooth road where the pick-axe has never levelled the inequalities, and soften the mattress and the pillow.

You will find new scenes opening before you ; in the venerable oaks, you must fancy you see the image of those grandparents you have left behind, and every tree of the forest you must picture some friend or acquaintance, even to our little A., who daily calls for you. You must write me how you spend your time, what are your daily occupations and amusements, what acquaintance you make with the quail, the partridge, and the pheasant. If you find sufficient amusement in the winter, the spring will give you new employment, and new pleasures.

“ You must mark how spring the tended plants,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.”

I shall fancy you flitting about among the trees gathering the sweets of the season. Your friends were all much surprised at your sudden flight, and regret that they had not the opportunity of bidding you adieu. I shall send my regards to uncle Justus, and congratulate him on the acquisition of his female friends; tell him they will make the wilderness blossom like the rose, and add much comfort, I hope, to his domestic happiness. He deserves, I think, all they can bestow.

I think of you more on Sunday than on any other day. If you cannot attend public worship, you can spend your Sabbaths in a useful manner, as Mr. W. told us to-day, every moment should be devoted to some useful purpose, that we might

ask the moments as they passed, what report they bore to Heaven — that the more we cultivated and improved our intellectual powers, the more capable we should be of enjoyment in a higher and more perfect state of existence; the nearer we should be allied to angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; and that in order to cultivate our faculties to advantage, we must have order and method in all our affairs.

I am called to close my letter, yet I have not said half I intended; take it as it is, warm from the heart of your affectionate grandmother,

A. ADAMS.

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TO MISS SMITH.

Quincy, May 28th, 1808.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

Your letter of May the 8th, your grandpapa brought home with him from church, on Sunday the 20th; owing to sickness I was not able to go, and am yet confined to my chamber. My fever and cough are both leaving me, and I hope a few days more will give me health sufficient to enjoy the fine season.

I have been reading a novel called the Wild Irish Girl. Why the term wild is given, I know not, unless as a ridicule upon those who imbibe national prejudices, merely from vague report. She is represented as living in an ancient barony with her father, who in the wars had been de-

spoiled of his property, and had retired with his daughter, her old nurse, and Father John, a learned, polite, and liberal minded priest, from whom she received her education. Here she lived, a recluse from the world, but with a lively imagination, a sportive fancy, a devotion to music, which she practised upon her harp, the favourite instrument of her country. She studied, and was perfectly versed in the historic knowledge of her native land ; as a resource, she became a botanist, and on a thousand occasions, displayed such a love of nature and its productions, which she describes so artlessly, with such a vivid display of superior powers, that she charms and enchants the reader. She had gathered the first rosebud of the spring, which she had watched with much care, and presented to a young stranger, whom chance had led to the barony, and who had for some months been an inmate there, and who at the request of her father had been her preceptor in drawing. In return she repeated to him a little ode from the French. "Oh beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Glorvina, "I thank you for this beautiful ode; the rose was always my idol flower in all its different stages of existence ; it speaks a language my heart understands, from its young bud's first crimson glow, to the last sickly blush of its faded bloom; it is the flower of sentiment in all its sweet transitions ; it breathes a moral, and seems to preserve an undecaying soul in that

fragrant essence which still survives the bloom and symmetry of the fragile form which every beam too ardent, every gale too chill, injures and destroys."

Your little darling A. has been sick, and looks like the flower or the bud in its faded form, which I have just been describing ; more interesting in decay than bloom — one exciting all the pleasing sensations, the other a softer and tenderer sentiment.

Our friends here are all well. To-morrow will be our general election day ; the embargo should not be complained of by the federalists, for it has increased their number ten fold, and will be like to give them such a weight in the councils of the nation, as no other measure of a peaceable kind could have effected.

With the love and affection of the whole family, jointly and severally, I close my letter to my dear Caroline, and am her truly affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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Quincy, August 30th, 1808.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

Your apology for not having written before was accepted by your grandmother. To be attentive to our guests is not only true kindness, but true politeness ; for if there is a virtue which is its own reward, hospitality is that virtue. We remember slight attentions, after we have forgotten great

benefits ; sweetness of temper, easiness of behaviour, and kindness of disposition, are peculiarly engaging in youth, and when found in age, adorn life's decline. But why need I recommend these virtues to my dear girl, when she has one of the first patterns for her imitation before her in her father, whose cordial hospitality, and true politeness, are known to all who have any knowledge of him, either in the camp, the city, or the wilderness ? Were it not for this, and the excellent example you have before you, for prudence, moderation, and discretion, in another character, I should fear you would become rusticated, and lose that polish, which is of some value in the polite world, and without which, I have known many a talent hidden under a bushel, instead of shedding a lustre all around.\*

A. A.

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Quincy, Feb. 2d, 1809.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

I have not written to you this year, and this is the second month of it ! and let us ask the rising year, now open to our view yet wrapped in darkness, whither dost thou lead ? Let cheerful hope receive the welcome guest, gratefully recollecting the many blessings of the past year, and committing ourselves to the wise and overruling Providence, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

I have sympathized with you in the trouble you

\* Only a part of this letter is given.

have experienced since I wrote to you last ; first upon account of the dangerous accident your uncle met with, and then upon the death of a domestic. I know your mind is susceptible of tender impressions ; these were implanted in the human breast for wise purposes. You have cause for great thankfulness, that although death entered your habitation, your uncle was spared to you, whose loss would have been much more to be deplored and lamented, than the one whom it pleased Heaven to take. Death at any time, and in any form, is a solemn event.

“ Nor is the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.”

I have now to thank you for your charming letter of December. Cultivate, my dear, those lively spirits, and that sweet innocence and contentment, which will rob the desert of its gloom, and cause the wilderness to bloom around you. Destitute of these qualifications, a palace would not yield satisfaction, or the most affluent circumstances bestow peace of mind, or tranquillity of heart. Always remember that you are accountable to that being who brought you into existence, for your time and talents ; that you were not born for yourself, but to fill every hour with some useful employment, as says the song :

“ Man was created for useful employ,  
From earth’s first creation till now ;  
And ’tis good for his health, his comfort and joy,  
To live by the sweat of his brow.”

Do not say grandmamma preaches. I know my Caroline thinks and reflects seriously, and she will lay up these admonitions, and value them when her grandmother can no longer indite them. I treasure up and venerate many of the maxims of my good grandmother Quincy, as the most precious of relics ; with her, I passed my early, wild, and giddy days, for of such I had my full share ; but

“ Her easy presence checked no decent mirth ;  
She still remembered that she once was young,  
And laughing would instruct.”

Have you a world of snow ? We have a much larger quantity than last year. It is my misfortune to be confined to the house at this season ; snow does not suit my constitution, it gives me the rheumatism ; I have more of it now than is agreeable ; the Dr. has put me on calomel and opium pills, and a water gruel regimen ; I hope it will go off in a few days ; confinement does not suit me or my family.

Does W. go to Philadelphia ; or does he wait for the day to dawn ? it is time to look for a change. Where the light is to spring up I know not ; the people of this state are wrought up to a high tone. I hope they will be induced to keep the peace, and try all lawful means for redress. God defend us from a civil war ; but oppression will produce it, and our rulers will have much to answer for. You say you hate politics ; but

when your native country is so seriously threatened, you cannot be a descendant from the spirit of '76, to be totally indifferent to what is passing.

From your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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Quincy, August 12th, 1809.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

Last Saturday my dear children and grandchildren sailed in the ship *Horace*, Capt. Beckford, for St. Petersburg; this separation from a dear son, at the advanced age both of your grandfather and myself, was like taking our last leave of him, and was felt by us both with the keenest anguish. Our hearts were "garnered up in him," perhaps too closely, and we were called to this trial to wean us from too strong an attachment to this earth.

"Hope which springs eternal in the human breast," whose figure is represented as leaning upon an anchor, still whispers a consolation to which the sorrowing heart still clings, and is buoyed up by it, that we may yet meet again. To the Sovereign Disposer of all events, I would strive cheerfully to submit. I could sustain the separation with more fortitude if one equally dear to me\* was not also separated far from me, though not in a foreign land, yet so distant, that I am cut off from all personal intercourse; that I can hear

\* Mrs. Adams' only daughter, Mrs. Smith.

frequently from her is a comfort and consolation to me. "I would not," says Mrs. Grant, whose letters I have sent your mamma, I think, "desire to live a day longer, than while my heart was warmed by an affectionate intercourse with those I love."

To you I have long been indebted for a letter, which merited a much earlier reply; I knew you were enjoying the society of your young and valued friends, therefore was the less anxious about writing, as I was so fully occupied in my own family. Be assured of the affection of your grandmother,\*

A. A.

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Quincy, Dec. 9th, 1809.

MY DEAR CAROLINE:

Thursday, 30th November, was our Thanksgiving Day; I was not able to attend church, owing to my eye, which I regretted: our good minister is always excellent upon particular occasions; I am told he was upon this.

At dinner I looked round, I hope with a thankful heart, but alas! how many of my dear children were absent, not one of them to give pleasure to the festive table; the young shoots and branches remained; I had two from each family; these promising successors of their dear parents rejoiced over their plum-puddings without knowing what were the reflections and anxious solicitude of their grandmother, respecting some of their absent parents.

\* Only a part of this letter is given.

For health, food, and raiment, for peace, and for society, and unnumbered other favours, may my heart pour forth its grateful effusions, and in the words of the poet I may say,

“ When all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.”

That no inroad has been made by death amongst any of my near and dear connections, is a sincere source of grateful remembrance ; may the lives and health of every branch be prolonged, until, like a shock of corn fully ripe, we may be gathered to our fathers.

No apology is ever necessary to my dear C. for any serious reflections which may fall from the pen of her aged grandmother ; reflection becomes all ages, and she does not the less delight in the innocent gayety and vivacity of youth ;

“ She still remembers that she once was young.”

I am rejoiced to find that you intend to turn your spinning wheel ; the more we are qualified to help ourselves, the less dependent we are upon others ; from the present temper of old England, it looks as if we should be less her customers than formerly. I would recommend the use of them in every family. We had better return to the pastoral age, than suffer the domination of any foreign power.

It is said, that the Emperor Augustus wore no

clothes but such as were made by the Empress and her daughters ; and Olympias did the same for Alexander.

The web of Penelope is well known to you, as related by Homer in his *Odyssey* ; her maids who attended her are admonished by Ulysses to retire with her, and with a delicate reprimand for their delay—

“ To whom the king. Ill suits your sex to stay  
Alone with man ! ye modest maids, away !  
Go with the Queen, the spindle guide or cull,  
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool.”

Thus, my dear girl, you have before you some of the most ancient, illustrious examples to excite your ambition and imitation. Your mother accuses me of a neglect in her education upon this head, and I plead guilty to the charge ; I would, by my advice to you, endeavour to rectify my deficiency towards her. I might have added to my list of worthies, Solomon’s virtuous woman, who seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

I have long been indebted to you for a letter, but my finger at one time, and my eye at another, have prevented my writing—the evening would be valuable to me for my correspondence if my eyes would bear me out. Old age with its infirmities assail me. I have reason to be thankful that my senses are so much in action, that my hearing is not at all impaired, but my memory

and recollection are not what they once were. My heart is still warm, and my affections fervent towards my dear children and friends : when they cease to beat for their welfare and happiness, nature itself will expire, and the cold hand of death close the eyes of your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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Quincy, Aug. 11th, 1811.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

I do not know how our account stands, whether I am indebted for a letter or you, but I shall not be very strict with you ; I am always delighted with your letters, whether to me or to Susan ; we talk daily of you, and wish for you, and when I think how far you all are from me, I am ready to sit down and weep.

We go on much in the old way here — now and then a large party, then a few friends. A. A.

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Aug. 6th, 1812.

MY DEAR C.

I received your letter this day, written from Springfield ; this has been a relief to us to hear that you were well, and that your dear mother bore her journey so well.

After you left me I felt no restraint upon me, and could give way to all I felt and all I had suppressed ; my harp was upon the willow, and my spirits at a very low ebb ; I have in some meas-

ure recovered them, and follow you daily upon your journey : when I think of my privations, I am silenced by a recollection of my many blessings.

I enclose you a volume from H., and I have written to your mother so lately, that I have not a brain prolific enough to entertain you.

I could inform you that our old gardener went to France in the winter, and did not expect to return soon enough in the spring ; we have another in his stead, who, like most successors, finds fault with his predecessor, that this should have been so, and that, otherwise ; accordingly he must make alterations — time must prove whether for the better. The season, although cold, is more forward than last year ; the grain failed in all parts of the state, and there would have been a want and scarcity with us, if we had no other cause ; but the blockade of our harbours has cut off the coasting trade, we cannot get grain but by land from the south, which renders it very high. Flour is at 17 dollars a barrel ; this is a calamity which I hope will not last long if we have a fruitful season — bread, the staff of life and the chief reliance of the poor, should be kept low.

Our seventy-fours are building ; our little navy shows what we should have done if it had not been impeded in its growth : but to compare great things with small, — the successor to the father of the navy, like the gardener, thought

that this was not necessary, and that might be laid aside, taxes were repealed, lest our revenue should be so abundant that we should commit mischief with it. Blindness to the future, I will not say in this instance, kindly given. Well, you tell H. she must not write politics ; now it is just as natural for me to fall upon them as to breathe ; it distresses me to see so many of my kindred and acquaintance, whom I love and esteem, going blindfold, as I think led astray by deceivers, ascribing views and designs to the government of which I know them to be innocent.

Come, let me quit this subject. How many cows do you have upon the farm ? How many ducks have you raised ? How many chickens ? We have found them so mischievous, we have banished them all ; not a solitary hen upon our territories, or a stately cock rears his head upon the place.

I was called away last evening before I could close. In the evening we have a room full sometimes to overflowing. We have an agreeable addition in Mr. A.'s family ; since his return from abroad they have been frequent in their visits to us. He is the most sensible, intelligent gentleman of all our society ; rational and liberal upon all political subjects. He has been to Lisbon, and to Portugal, associated with English and French officers of army and navy, and returns to his own country, astonished at the partiality that prevails

in favour of foreign countries, and at the opposition to the government of our own. Well, here I am again, upon the old topic; all I can say in excuse is, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I want to see you all. With love, regard, and esteem, and without compliment, I am as ever, yours,

A. A.

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TO COL. W. S. SMITH, WASHINGTON.

Quincy, October 1st, 1819.

DEAR SIR:

It is already three weeks since you left us; I have not any knowledge of your progress farther than New-Haven, where General Humphreys informed me that he had the pleasure of meeting you.

I wish to hear from you, although I cannot expect that you have anything agreeable of a public nature to communicate, from the desolate walls of Washington. I will, however, turn my face from that forlorn place, and congratulate you upon the triumphant victory of McDonough, upon Lake Champlain; and of McCombs at Plattsburgh, which has brightened the splendour of our arms, and gathered fresh laurels for our country. But we must entwine the yew with the laurel, over the bier of the heroic sons of Columbia, whose lives paid the forfeit of their valour.

I wish for information respecting our connections at Washington; from judge Cranch, letters

have been received by his friends here, but I do not know anything of our other friends, whether they have been sufferers. Will you be so good as to inform yourself, and write me word?

Boston continues to be fortified in every direction, and the numerous troops collected there, drilled and disciplined seven hours every day. All apprehension of an attack upon it this year appears to be dissipated.

I perceive the apple of discord is thrown out in Congress, and the removal of the seat of government proposed. A warm opposition no doubt will ensue, and the powerful name of the founder of Washington, will prevail to keep you there.

I should like to hear how you are accommodated; I know you can submit to privations like an old soldier.

Clouds and darkness hang over us; ways and means are one of the most difficult obstacles we have to contend with; public credit is shaken, and the banks trembling. Where the ark of our safety is to rest, time must unfold. We are all well. I am, dear sir, affectionately yours,

A. A.

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Quincy, September 27th, 1814.

MY DEAR CAROLINE:

This morning's post brought me your letter of the 20th. We were all delighted; grandfather's tears watered his cheek when he read the letter;

Susan skipped with all her warmth and ardour, into every part of the scene.

“In joyous youth, what soul hath never known,  
Thoughts, feelings, taste, harmonious to its own.”

S. walked her mile and a half to communicate the grateful tidings; every heart and eye participated with you.

I shall not say anything about the wonders of the world, for this reason, I know not what to say; yet I cannot help feeling pity, or commiseration for Buonaparte; to what part of the world can he flee? Some say America! I do not want him here, although I think he would be quite harmless, deprived as he is, of all power, authority, and means.

By the help of one night's refreshing sleep, I am enabled to write to you this morning, knowing not what the morrow may bring forth. Four score and ten is an age, when we can neither expect health, or much strength, when our strength is weakness. I cannot say that I have no pleasure in my days; I have abundant in this, my sickness. I have had kind, attentive friends, a skilful physician, and every human aid: is there not pleasure in all this? and unto the Great First Cause be the praise.

Dear, tempting child, how pleased I should be to make you the visit you so pathetically urge; but would it not be too hazardous for your grandfather, at his age, to undertake? True, we en-

joy as much health, and as good spirits as can be expected, and more than we had reason to look for, considering the many scenes we have passed through; but we must finish our course in our own habitation, and not venture beyond a day's journey. I might be hazardous enough to run the risk, but I would not have your grandfather, who yet may outlive me, though so many years older. So, dear girl, we thank you for your invitation, and feel at our hearts, the value of it, but must content ourselves with the hope, if we live, of seeing you and yours the next spring.

I have lately been reading Lady Morgan's *France*; she is entertaining, and gives us many pleasant anecdotes. I do not like her affectation of new words; the reviewers may properly attack them — she is, however, an interesting traveller to me, although no favourite with the English.

To rise with dignity, and fall with ease, is a very desirable qualification; but such is the frailty of human nature; adversity is better calculated to call forth the virtues, than prosperity, which puffeth up, and is unseemly.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter from New-York. I entered into all your feelings so simply and pathetically described, while wandering through scenes which awakened recollections to "joys that were past, never to return."

How much does the heart pant for the renewal of those affections, which once so cordially greet-

ed an absent friend, when visiting the same spot ; the unbidden tear starts, and memory sighs, all, all is changed — a new set “ come tittering on, and push us off the stage.”

But while this heart beats, and this hand hath warmth, and reason retains its seat, my dear Caroline will be joyfully received and welcomed by her affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Quincy, Oct. 23d, 1814.

MY EVER DEAR CAROLINE:

If you find as many joyful faces to receive you, as you have left sorrowful hearts behind you, you will have no reason to complain. When upon former occasions you have been separated from me, it was always with the expectation of having you again with me ; since I have considered you as mine, you have been to me one of the chief props and supports of my declining years. By your watchful attention, and cheerful readiness to prevent even my wants, you have rendered yourself so necessary to me, as to be the solace of my days. It is natural to feel a privation in proportion to our enjoyments ; what then, think you, is the void left in my breast ? True, I have other comforts in the faithful and constant attention of Louisa, and the sprightly vivacity of Susan.

Your letter to my venerable friend, Mrs. Warren, was received by me and forwarded to her.

"Tell my dear Mrs. Adams to write to me, or to see me very soon, else we only meet in Heaven," was one of the last expressions of your departed friend, my ever to be respected mother. Thus writes her son to me upon the 19th: "Upon the 18th the imprisoned spirit ascended from the decayed and ancient fabric. She had but a few days of suffering."

I may with truth say, that take her all in all, we shall not look upon her like again. String after string is severed from the heart; the lamp of life burnt bright to the last. Dr. Freeman told me she wrote him a letter upon the 6th of the present month, when she entered her 87th year. I rejoice that you visited her; your remembrance of her will always be pleasant. Seldom does old age wear so pleasing, so instructive an aspect. To me she was a friend of more than fifty summers ripening.

Yesterday completed half a century since I entered the married state, then just your age. I have great cause of thankfulness that I have lived so long, and enjoyed so large a portion of happiness as has been my lot. The greatest source of unhappiness I have known in that period, has arisen from the long and cruel separations which I was called in a time of war, and with a young family around me, to submit to.

My pen runs on, "but," as the gallant Adam

said to Eve, "with thee conversing I forget all time."

That you and the rest of my posterity may enjoy as large a share of felicity as has fallen to me, is the sincere wish and prayer of your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

---

TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Quincy, Feb. 19th, 1815.

Bad as my eyes are, I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to dear Caroline, and thanking her for her last welcome letter, and congratulating her upon the restoration of peace to our beloved country, an event, although earnestly desired, unexpected as to the time.

May we receive it as a moral and religious people, and ascribe praise to that Being who ruleth among the inhabitants of the earth, who maketh our enemies to be at peace with us, and who hath recently given such success to our arms, as is wondrous in our eyes. History does not furnish a parallel to the victory at New-Orleans; I mean as it respects the difference of numbers slain. If it were not from the mouth of many witnesses I should have discredited it, until it was sanctioned by the official letter of General Jackson.

The loss of our frigate the President, I lament as a sacrifice of lives, but not of national honour. To surrender to such a superior force, after en-

gaging and silencing a frigate of equal force, and three to one, withers no laurels on the brow of Decatur. Not a single ship-of-war belonging to us, but has gathered fame and renown for our country. Our armies too were becoming formidable; our forces for the last eighteen months have restored the honour, and retrieved the reputation so much injured at the commencement of the war; and the late glorious victory at New-Orleans, closes the war with a lustre upon the American arms which time will not efface.

And what with her thousand ships, and tens of thousand troops, has Great Britain to boast of? Will the destruction, not of the city, but of the public buildings of an infant city, unfortified, and almost unarmed, emblazon her prowess, or transmit her valour to posterity? No! elated as was the Prince Regent, exulting in his shame, he gave orders to have the mighty deed translated into all the foreign languages of Europe, and sent to their different courts, and how was it received? With disgust, with abhorrence! so that when their ambassador in France, Lord Wellington, made a grand fête, and gave a ball in celebration of the event, not a single foreign minister accepted the invitation.

That the successful invasion of that city will be an indelible stain upon the administration, I must admit; but still the Gothic barbarism of the British administration, which could direct and

sanction such a deed, will go down to future ages with shame and disgrace.

I think you are right to take every opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with your own country. Although we are yet in the infancy of improvement, as it respects the fine arts, when compared with ancient countries; yet there is not one which history presents, where religion and government are so happily combined to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people, where liberty and independence were so well understood, and amply enjoyed. We all send an abundance of love to you, and yours. From your affectionate,

A. A.

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TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Boston, June 5th, 1816.

After a year's absence I came yesterday to make a visit to my friends for three days. Our anxiety to hear from you, led me to send to the office this morning for letters; there I found yours of May 31st, containing tidings that my fears had anticipated, as you will find when you receive my last letter.

My dear child, you will be again called to severe and afflictive scenes; may you be prepared, sustained, and supported through them, by that Almighty Power, which calls you to the trial; I feel the stroke as a renewal of what I have passed through, and as an anticipation of what I may be

called to endure, yet a little while, and I also shall join the great congregation.

If your father should survive for you to see him, and receive this letter from me, before he departs, give my kindest love to him, and say to him, I hope to meet him and my dear daughter, in the world to which we are hastening. I can add no more, my heart is full ; ever your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Quincy, June 21st, 1816.

It was with a heavy heart and trembling hand, that I yesterday broke the seal of your letter to your uncle. I knew that he was gone to Boston, and as I had not any letter myself, I could not wait in such suspense ; the contents of the letter has left me little expectation of hearing that the lamp of life is not nearly extinguished.

I had written thus far, when Louisa brought me the paper, with the notice of your dear father's departure on the 10th.

Have I lived to this day, to mourn with my dear child the loss of both parents? little did I think the last winter, that I should have been the survivor ; I weep with you, and pray you may be supported by that Almighty Power, who has called you to this trial.

I have not expected you to write to me, distressed as you must have been. How much we

have all wished we could have been near you, to have alleviated some of your sorrows, by sharing them with you. Thus my dear children, you have all honoured your father and your mother ; may you all inherit that blessing which is promised to those who keep that commandment. Mercies are mingled in your cup. My heart is too full to write. I am, dear child, your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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Quincy, January 29th, 1818.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

As Dean Swift says, " eyes with writing almost blind," I commence a letter to you, near ten o'clock at night, after having written seven letters to go abroad by the Milo.

I have been wishing to write to you all the week, but last Friday, in a snow storm, who should come to make me a visit, but Mrs. Cushing, who is always a welcome guest ; she stayed until Tuesday ; I could not leave her to write.

We find so little here to interest us beyond our domestic concerns, that few subjects arise to ruffle the calm, which so tranquilly surrounds us.

The only one which creates a public sensation, is the battle of Bunker Hill, as lately published by General Dearborn, in which he has attacked the military character of General Putnam. This has roused the indignation of the son of the General, and he replies with no small share of severity, at

the same time with a filial respect, love, and veneration, which cannot fail to interest every reader. He has written a letter to your grandfather, as to one of the oldest survivors of the revolution, respectfully requesting him to inform him, if he had known, or ever heard, in Congress, or out of it, any dissatisfaction with the conduct of General Putnam, upon the memorable 17th of June, 1775? He wishes for the information, whether it may tend either to honour or dishonour.

“I desire no favour or concealment, for however alive I may feel to a sense of injury, prompted by envy and selfishness; truth, from a source so respectable and impartial as that of President Adams, will be always held in the same reverence and treated with the same respect, whether it bears the marks of censure or condemnation.”

“His honest fame is the most precious inheritance he left his family; and having been his constant attendant from the commencement of the revolution to the last moment of his life, I will defend it, if need be, at the expense of every other earthly hope.”

Such a high sense of filial affection and duty, with such honourable feelings, so pathetically expressed, drew tears from my eyes when I read the letter, to which I can by no means do justice without the whole.

Mr. Holly is going to Washington, and from thence to Kentucky, where he is invited to be

President of a College. He prefers to go and see the country and the people, before he gives an answer ; to this purpose, he has obtained leave of absence for three months, and proposes to visit the great and the gay scenes at Washington, to visit Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson. Last Monday, he and Mrs. H. came and passed the day with us. He is a very pleasant companion ; one need be only a hearer ; he has a mind vivid, active, inquisitive, ardent, comprehensive ; shall I say profound ? He is only 35 years of age ; can a man be profound at that age ? He says he will not print even a sermon until after 40. He certainly belongs to the family of the Searches ; he is very eloquent, a fine person, as you know.

And now dear Caroline, if I could have flourished over my paper as you do, I should have covered three sides, but I had rather have a little than none at all. Let me hear from you, it lessens the distance that separates us. Adieu, dear girl ; kiss the babes for me, and believe me in cold weather and warm, in all seasons and times, your affectionate grandmother,

A. A.

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Quincy, March 22d, 1818.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

“ Delightful praise, like summer rose,  
That brighter in the dew-drop glows.”

They were sweet drops which flowed from the heart to the eyes both of your grandfather and grandmother, when I read to him the two letters

you had transcribed to your uncle and to your father, in commendation of your brother. You could not have offered a sweeter incense to your grandfather ; and flowing from the pen of an old friend of your father's, it carried the marks of sincerity, without the alloy of adulation, and merits a grateful return. "A good name is better than precious ointment ; it is the immediate jewel of the soul."

The freshet which carried away the bridges, and made such havoc with the roads, together with the robbery of the mail, has prevented our regular communication, and I suspect I have lost a journal ; I enclose you the only one you have not seen.

I hear that Duane has got hold of my letter to Niles, and spits forth vulgar abuse at me and the Secretary of State, who had not any more to do with the subject than the Emperor of China. He has revealed who the person was, who sent the ungentlemanly refusal to dine ; how he knew, I cannot divine — he abuses him also ; but the low sarcasms of these people affect me no more at this day than the idle wind.

I have not seen, only heard of the laudable efforts of those foreigners, who will foment a party spirit if they can. They wish to engage us in a war with Spain ; and finding our growth rapid, and our national strength increasing in proportion, more than one European power would re-

joice to find us embroiled with any power which could retard our progress ; they know the administration is averse to war, they think to abuse it with impunity.

I was much gratified to see the overpowering vote of the house to reject the Spanish petition ; an unprecedented attempt in any country, to appeal from the sovereign to the Parliament. Genet appealed to the people at large, which he found abortive.

The Boston subscription for the bust soon filled, although no person was allowed to subscribe more than two dollars ; a very respectable committee was sent, with a short and handsome address upon the occasion, and on Thursday the artist came. He takes the bust first in clay ; he has been a part of three days engaged upon it ; he does not require any formal sitting ; he works with much ease ; his name Binon, a Frenchman by birth, with all the vivacity of his nation ; quite a gentleman, and well acquainted with books ; he has passed twelve years in Italy ; he will have an admirable likeness.

I have never before heard of Cox's Female Biography ; I should like to read it. Many of the female characters in Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, do great honour to the sex. It is a pleasing and grateful circumstance, to read in the life and character of our Saviour, the affection and tenderness which he manifests to wo-

men — to Mary, to Martha, to the widow of Samaria, and many others.

It grows too dark to see or write ; so with love to you and yours, I am your affectionate

A. A.

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TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Montezillo, Jan. 1, 1820.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

I wish you a happy New-year, and as many new years as your nature can bear, in health, peace, and competence, with your children like olive-plants about your table.

But be sure to make them all, male and female, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, work hard with their own hands, so as to be able to command their own livelihood, by their industry, economy, and sagacity.

I am very glad to find that you are in correspondence with my friend Vanderkemp. This correspondence will amuse you, and if you are not very learned, will instruct you. But even he does not know every thing ; he was ignorant until a few days ago, that inoculation for the small-pox was first introduced into the British empire in the town of Boston. By this time he knows that Dr. Zabaliel Boyleston, a younger brother of my grandfather, Peter Boyleston of Brookline, inoculated his own children in 1720, one hundred years ago, and after that inoculated his negroes

at their express desire, and carried his own family safe through the distemper. His success in his own house, encouraged others in his neighbourhood to run the risk. He inoculated all who would submit to the operation. The fame of his success in the town of Boston spread to England, and produced an invitation to him to embark for that country, to inoculate the royal family. He did embark, but before he arrived, the royal children had acquired courage enough to trust their own surgeons.

Our collegians are gone to Washington ; they must necessarily spend a winter of dissipation — but they are all so smitten with the charms of literature, that I hope they will continue faithful and true.

We are all in good health here, eighteen in number. I am, as ever, your affectionate grandfather,

JOHN ADAMS.

P. S. Since I have written the above, I have picked up a good story.

Of two noblemen in the neighbouring countries, one had a son, the other a daughter ; the son fell in love with the daughter, and solicited her father's consent, that he should pay his addresses to her. Her father asked him "how will you maintain her?" He answered "according to her rank." "Rank! what rank have you, or has she?" He answered "the rank of her father." "What have

children to do with the rank, or fortunes of their parents? rank and fortune in reversion are neither rank or fortune. Have you any profession, occupation, trade, office, or employment, by which you can get your own living?" "No, my lord, I have none." "Then you shall never have my daughter; I will never give my daughter to any one who cannot maintain himself and her too." "Very well, my lord, have patience with me; I will endeavour to show your lordship that I can maintain myself and your daughter."

A basket maker in the neighbourhood was making great profits by the manufacture of curious baskets, which he sold for their elegance and taste, for a very great price. To this man the young lord went, and gave him sufficient reward to teach him the art; in which he made so great a proficiency, that in one year, he became a more exquisite workman than his master or his apprentices. He immediately carried some of his own handy-work to the old nobleman. "Here, my lord, I am now an independent man; with these productions, with my own hands, I can maintain myself and your daughter in a manner that will make us both perfectly happy, without any aid from either of our parents." "Then if you have, or can obtain her affections, she shall be yours."

JOHN ADAMS.

TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Montezillo, January 24th, 1820.

MY DEAR GRANDAUGHTER :

This year completes a century since my Uncle Boylston introduced the practic of inoculation into the English dominions ; but what improvements have been made, since 1720, partly by experience, but much more by the discovery of Dr. Jenner ? The history of this distemper is enough to humble human pride ! enough to demonstrate what ignorant puppets we are ! how we grope in the dark ! and what empty phantoms we pursue !

You are not singular in your suspicions that you know but little. The longer I live, the more I read, the more patiently I think ; and the more anxiously I inquire, the less I seem to know.

Why should the " Vaccine " have been concealed from all eternity, and then instantaneously revealed ? Why should the material world have slept in nonentity from eternity, and then created or awakened into existence ?

Worm ! ask no such questions ! do justly, love mercy, walk humbly. This is enough for you to know, and to do. The world is a better one than you deserve ; strive to make yourself more worthy of it.

So questions, and so answers your affectionate grandfather,

JOHN ADAMS.

TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Oldenbarneveld, February 25th, 1820.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED MADAM :

I must acknowledge that some time ago, I fostered the expectation of being gratified with a few lines from your hand, and although I was disappointed, yet could not persuade myself that I was forgotten.

Your cousin's supposed departure, the concerns of a numerous family. Is it not strange that I was not struck with the possibility of sickness and trouble, which might have prevented it, or should these confine themselves to old age, while silently they undermine the tottering frame? At least, I did not think upon it, and yet it was the case, and I trust that fully recovered, and burried up in the capital, your frame shall be strengthened in the spring.

My contentment at Cedar Grove, my dear Caroline, was so perfect, my enjoyments so exquisite, that I do not only recollect these often, but gratify myself in renewing these communications to my family and friends. I was indeed happy during those three days, and was it in my power, I would strive to renew it; but at my age, in my situation, the prospect towards it is not bright, although even this is not a cause to mourn. We ought rather to be thankful for every share of bliss with which we are favoured.

You know me too well, to doubt for a single moment, if a copy of John Adams's letter would gratify me ; but who is that lady so accomplished as to captivate a nearly nonagarian, and place him in such an ecstasy ? But I do not envy the happiness of my so highly respected and beloved friend ; his last days are his best days, and the blessings of his contemporaries, and posterity must be a delightful repast for his children and grandchildren.

Remember me with kindness to Mr. de Windt ; this shall strengthen the impression, if any good one was made in my favour, by my visit, and obliterate the less favourable. Mr. Lawson's courtesy cannot be forgotten by me, which received a higher value, from his modesty and frankness. He is the third British soldier with whom I became acquainted, and how should I be pleased might I see the trio under my humble roof. Should Lawson dare try the adventure he will be cordially received by an old brother soldier.

Believe me, my dear Caroline, that the remembrance of Mrs. Adams's virtues and accomplishments, must be first erased from my heart, before seeing you pressing her steps, I can ever cease to be, dear and respected madam, your affectionate and obliged friend,

FRANCIS ADRIAN VANDERKEMP.

TO MRS. DE WINDT.

Montezillo, July 12th, 1820.

MY DEAR CAROLINE :

You have Harriet with you, and consequently we are deprived of the weekly information she used to give us of your health and welfare ; but now we very rarely get any, either from yourself or her ; pray write to me now and then at least, to let me know that you, and Mr. de Windt, and the little prattlers, are all well ; by no means forgetting the venerable mother.

I was not able to accept the condescending invitation of the government of the state, and the various societies in Boston, to celebrate the 4th of July ; though my head would have struck the stars, if I could have made so glorious a figure, as my ancient, excellent friend Carroll, made at Baltimore on that day. But the heat of the season, with the poms and ceremonies, could not have been supported with my feeble frame.

I should have been delighted to have heard my friend Mr. Lyman, who, I am informed, pronounced an elegant and masterly oration. Pray tell Miss Welsh, that this same friend of ours, Mr. Lyman, has sent me a rich and costly entertainment, which I am constantly devouring with as keen an appetite and relish, as I ever felt in my youthful or riper days. The life of the Earl of Chatham, in three volumes ; Hude's Journey over land from Hindostan to England : Chalmer's Life

of Mary Queen of Scots, in two volumes ; many of Scott's novels. And in general I think this writer has well merited his knighthood, and a much higher order of nobility ; for his writings have a tendency to inform and reform mankind, for no man can read them, without disgust at the horrid crimes, miseries, and violences, arising from the superstition, fanaticism, and hypocrisy, which have prevailed so scandalously in all the ages of which he writes. I have reserved for the last the life of Lady Russell. This I have not yet read, because I read it more than forty years ago. On this hangs a tale which you ought to know and communicate to your children. I bought the life and letters of Lady Russell, in the year 1775, and sent it to your grandmother, with an express intent and desire, that she should consider it a mirror in which to contemplate herself ; for at that time I thought it extremely probable, from the daring and dangerous career I was determined to run, that she would one day find herself in the situation of Lady Russell, her husband without a head. This Lady was more beautiful than Lady Russell, had a brighter genius, more information, a more refined taste, and at least her equal in the virtues of the heart ; equal fortitude and firmness of character, equal resignation to the will of Heaven, equal in all the virtues and graces of the christian life. Like Lady Russell, she never by word or look discouraged me from running all

hazards for the salvation of my country's liberties; she was willing to share with me, and that her children should share with us both, in all the dangerous consequences we had to hazard. My love to Mr. de Windt and to the dear little ones. My affectionate respects to the lady mother; love to Harriet. Your affectionate grandfather,

JOHN ADAMS.

THE END.

ERRATA. — Page 33, 20th line from top, for Molirè's, *read* Molière. Page 202, 18th line, *insert* am. Page 203, 20th line, for Thaler, *read* Thaxter.







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